

3436 d 1  
A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
HYMNS  
FOR  
SOCIAL WORSHIP,

3436 d 1  
More particularly design'd for the Use of  
the TABERNACLE CONGREGATION  
in LONDON.

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By GEORGE WHITEFIELD,  
Late of Pembroke College, Oxford, and  
Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess  
of Huntingdon.

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*Sing ye Praises with Understanding.* Ps. xlvii. 7.

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THE NINTH EDITION.

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LONDON:

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MDCCCLX.

COLLECTION

HYMN

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More particularly designed for use in the  
the LATTER PART OF CONGREGATION  
in London.

By GEORGE WILLIAMS  
Pastor of the Baptist Church, Oxford Street  
Captain in the R. M. the Cavalry Division  
of London.

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LONDON:  
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And where sold at the Publisher's Office  
M.DCCC.



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THE  
P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER,

**I**F thou art acquainted with the Divine Life, I need not inform thee that altho' all the Acts and Exercises of Devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the Blessed Worshipers above more than when we are joining together in public Devotions, and, with Hearts and Lips unfeigned, singing Praises to him who sitteth upon the Throne for ever.—Consequently, Hymns composed for such a Purpose ought to abound much in Thanksgiving, and to be of such a Nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing Lies, or not sing at all.—Upon this Plan the following Collection of Hymns is founded:—They are intended purely for social Worship, and so altered in some Particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them.—They are short, because I think three or four Stanzas, with a Doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one Time.—I am no great Friend to long Sermons, long Prayers, or long Hymns.—They generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore I

## THE PREFACE.

think should be avoided by those who preside in any public Worshipping Assembly.—Besides, as the Generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the Poor of the Flock, I have studied Cheapness, as well as Conciseness.—Much in a little is what God gives us in his Word.—And the more we imitate such a Method in our public Performances and Devotions, the nearer we come up to the Pattern given us in the Mount.—I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of Dialogue for the Use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our Cathedral Churches; but much more so because the Celestial Choir is represented in the Book of the Revelations, as answering one another in their heavenly Anthems.—That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine Fire whilst singing below, and be translated after Death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest Prayer of, Courteous Reader,

Thy ready Servant, for Christ's Sake,

G. W.

[ 1 ]

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# H Y M N S

FOR

## Public Worship.

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### H Y M N I.

At the Opening of Worship.

**N**OW may the Spirit's Holy Fire,  
Descending from above,  
His waiting Family inspire  
With Joy and Peace and Love!

Thee we the Comforter confess;  
Unless thou'rt present here,  
Our Songs of Praise are vain Address,  
We utter heartless Pray'r.

Wake, heav'nly Wind, arise and come,  
Blow on the drooping Field;  
Our Spices then shall breathe Perfume,  
And fragrant Incense yield.

Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip  
That shall proclaim thy Word,  
And bid each awful Hearer keep  
Attention to the Lord.

Haften the Reftitution-Day,  
Which now Corruption fhrowds,  
New Heavens and new Earth difplay,  
With Jefus in the Clouds.

## H Y M N II.

The fame.

**F**AR from our Thoughts, vain World, be gone,  
Let our religious Hours alone :  
Oh may our Eyes our Saviour fee !  
We wait a Vifit, Lord, from thee.

Oh warm our Hearts with Holy Fire,  
And kindle there a pure Defire :  
Come, our Dear Jefus, from above,  
And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.

Bleft Jefus, what delicious Fare !  
How fweet thy Entertainments are !  
Never did Angels tafte above  
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.

Hail, great Emmanuel, all Divine !  
In thee thy Father's Glories fhine :  
Thou brighteft, fweeteft, faireft one,  
That Eyes have feen or Angels known !

## H Y M N III.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

**L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy Feet we humbly bow :  
Oh ! do not our Suit difdain,  
Shall we feek thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord,

[ 3 ]

Lord, on thee our Souls depend;  
In Compassion now descend:  
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,  
Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

In thine own appointed Way,  
Now we seek thee—here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go  
'Till a Blessing thou bestow.  
Send some Message from thy Word,  
That may Joy and Peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn  
Let the Time of Joy return;  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in Faith and Hope;  
Grant that those who seek may find  
Thee a God sincere and kind;  
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N IV.

The same.

**C**OME worship at Emmanuel's Feet,  
See in his Face what Wonders meet:  
Words are too feeble to express  
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

When shall we climb those higher Skies  
Where Storms and Tempests never rise;  
Where he unveils his lovely Face,  
And shines and reigns the God of Grace?



Nor Earth, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Stars,  
 Nor Heaven, his full Resemblance bears:  
 His Beauties we can never trace  
 'Till we behold him Face to Face.

## H Y M N V.

## Invitation.

**H**ither ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,  
 A sin-disorder'd trembling Throng;  
 To you the Gospel calls, to you  
 Messiah's Blessings all belong.

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons  
 Derive no Blessing from his Tree:  
 For Sinners only Jesus dy'd,  
 Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our Griefs Messiah groan'd;  
 'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd;  
 Our Punishment he took, he bore,  
 And Sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,  
 And join the blissful Choirs above:  
 May nothing tune our future Song,  
 But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love!

## H Y M N VI.

## The same.

**S**inners, obey the GOSPEL-WORD,  
 Haste to the Supper of our Lord;  
 Be wise to know your gracious Day,  
 All things are ready, come away. Ready

Ready the Father is to own  
And kiss his late returning Son;  
Ready the loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,  
Just now the stony Heart to move;  
T' apply and witness with the Blood,  
And wash and seal you Sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest Estate;  
Tuning their Harps they long to praise  
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your Lord,  
To Happiness in Christ restor'd:  
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,  
The Plenitude of GOSPEL-GRACE.

## H Y M N VII.

The same.

**L**ET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,  
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,  
The Trumpet of the GOSPEL sounds  
With an inviting Voice.

Ho! all ye hungry starving Souls,  
That feed upon the Wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly Toys  
To fill an empty Mind;

Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd  
A Soul-reviving Feast,  
And bids your longing Appetites  
The rich Provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living Streams,  
 And pine away and die,  
 Here you may quench your raging Thirst  
 With Springs that never dry.

Dear God, the Treasures of thy Love  
 Are everlasting Mines,  
 Deep as our helpless Mis'ries are,  
 And boundless as our Sins,

The happy Gates of GOSPEL-GRACE  
 Stand open Night and Day;  
 Lord, we are come to seek Supplies  
 And drive our Wants away,

## H Y M N VII.

### Thanksgiving.

**B**LESS, O my Soul, the living God,  
 Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;  
 Let all the Pow'rs within me join  
 In Work and Worship so divine.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace;  
 His Favours claim thy highest Praise:  
 Why should the Wonders he hath wrought  
 Be lost in Silence and forgot?

'Tis he, my Soul, that sent his Son  
 To die for Crimes which thou hast done;  
 He owns the Ransom, and forgives  
 The hourly Follies of our Lives.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs;  
 His Mercy crowns our growing Years:

He

He satisfies our Mouth with Good,  
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

Let the whole Earth his Power confess,  
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;  
The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
In Work and Worship so divine.

## H Y M N IX.

The same.

**M**Y Soul, repeat his Praise,  
Whose Mercies are so great;  
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the Ground we tread,  
So far the Riches of his Grace  
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his Name,  
Is such as tender Parents feel:  
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,  
Or like the Morning Flower;  
If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,  
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions, Lord,  
To endless Years endure;  
And Children's Children ever find  
Thy Words of Promise sure.

God's

## H Y M N X.

God's Goodness to his People.

**T**HE Lord supplies his People's Need,  
 Jehovah is his Name;  
 In Pastures fresh he makes them feed  
 Beside the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,  
 When they forsake his Ways,  
 And leads them for his Mercy's sake,  
 In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,  
 His Presence is their Stay:  
 A Word of his supporting Breath  
 Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes  
 Doth still their Table spread,  
 Their Cup with Blessings overflows,  
 His Oil anoints their Head.

The sure Provisions of our God,  
 Attend us all our Days:  
 O may his House be our Abode,  
 And all our Work his Praise!

## H Y M N XI.

Morning W O R S H I P.

**O** Lord, how many are our Foes  
 In this weak State of Flesh and Blood!  
 Our Peace they daily discompose,  
 But our Defence and Hope is God.

Tir'd



Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,  
 To thee we rais'd an Ev'ning Cry;  
 Thou heard'st when we began to pray,  
 And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,  
 We laid us down and slept secure;  
 Not Death should make our Hearts afraid  
 Though we should sleep to rise no more:

But God sustain'd us all the Night;  
 Salvation doth to God belong:  
 He rais'd our Heads to see the Light,  
 And He shall have our Morning Song.

## H Y M N XII.

The same.

**R**ISE our Souls to praise the Care  
 Of Jesus true and good:  
 Sing to him whose Robes appear  
 As newly dipt in Blood:  
 By his Pow'r we live to see  
 The Dawning of another Day;  
 Farther favour'd may we be,  
 When here no more we stay!  
 O may we in Righteousness,  
 In Jesu's Arms awake!  
 And the Joys the Saints possess,  
 With them ere long partake:  
 With our common Father sit,  
 And in his heav'nly Kingdom praise  
 (Bowing down before his Feet)  
 The Riches of his Grace.

The

## H Y M N XIII.

The same.

**C**OME, let us adore  
 The Lord's gracious Hand,  
 (Our great GOVERNOR)  
 Who gave a Command  
 And Charge to his Angels  
 To watch round our Bed,  
 To guard us from Evils,  
 From Dangers and Dread.  
 Our Shepherd alone  
 The Lord let us bless,  
 Who reigns on the Throne  
 The Prince of our Peace;  
 Who evermore saves us  
 By shedding his Blood;  
 All hail, holy Jesus,  
 Our Lord and our God!  
 We daily will sing  
 Thy Merits, thy Praise,  
 Thou merciful Spring  
 Of Pity and Grace:  
 Thy Kindness for ever  
 To Men we will tell;  
 And say, our dear Saviour  
 Redeems us from Hell.  
 Preserve us in Love,  
 While here we abide;  
 Nor ever remove,  
 Nor cover, nor hide,  
 Thy glorious Salvation;  
 Till joyful we see  
 The beautiful Vision  
 Completed in thee.

The

H Y M N XIV.

The same.

**C**H R I S T whose Glory fills the Skies;  
 Christ, the true, the only Light;  
 Sun of Righteousness arise,  
 Triumph o'er the Shades of Night:  
 Day-Spring from on high be near,  
 Day-Star in our Hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the Morn,  
 Unaccompany'd by thee;  
 Joyless is the Day's Return,  
 'Till thy Mercy's Beams we see:  
 Lord, thy inward Light impart,  
 Glad our Eyes, and warm each Heart.

Visit ev'ry Soul of thine,  
 Pierce the Gloom of Sin and Grief;  
 Fill with Radiancy divine,  
 Scatter all our Unbelief:  
 More and more thyself display,  
 Shining to the perfect Day.

H Y M N XV.

Evening W O R S H I P.

**T**H E Saviour who us kept To day,  
 The Lamb who takes our Sins away,  
 Our thankful Souls shall bless;  
 Thou worthy art, O Son of God,  
 Of endless Praise; for in thy Blood  
 Saints sweetly rest in Peace.

We'll

We'll lay us down, and thou, our Lord,  
With all thy Angels us wilt guard;  
Our Souls to thee we trust:  
Thou shalt (for thou art able) keep  
Our Souls among the Fellowship  
Of Saints through thee made just.

H Y M N XVI.

The same.

**N**OW, from the Altar of our Hearts,  
Let Incense-Flames arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our Evening-Sacrifice.

Awake our Love, awake our Joy,  
Awake our Heart and Tongue;  
Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,  
Break forth into a Song.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,  
Have made up all this Day;  
Minutes came quick, but Mercies were  
More fleet and free than they.

New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,  
Do a new Song require;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our Heart's Desire.

Lord of our Time, whose Hand hath set  
New Time upon our Score;  
Thee may we praise for all our Time,  
When Time shall be no more!

Morn-

H Y M N XVII.

Morning or Evening.

**O** Gód, how endless is thy Love!  
Thy Gifts are every Ev'ning new;  
And Morning Mercies from above,  
Gently distil like early Dew.

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,  
Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours;  
Thy Sov'reign Word restores the Light,  
And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,  
To thee we consecrate our Days;  
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand  
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

H Y M N XVIII.

On the LORD'S DAY.

**T**HIS is the Day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the Hours his own;  
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,  
And Praise surround the Throne.

To-day Christ rose, and left the Dead,  
And Satan's Empire fell;  
To-day the Saints his Triumphs spread,  
And all his Wonders tell.

Hosannah to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!  
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring  
Salvation from thy Throne.

C

Hosanna,



Hosanna, in the highest Strains  
The Church on Earth can raise!  
The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler Praise.

H Y M N XIX.

The same.

**W**elcome, sweet Day of Rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving Breast  
And these rejoicing Eyes!

The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his Saints To-day:  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

One Day amidst the Place  
Where our dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand Days  
Of pleasurable Sin.

Bid, Lord, our Souls to stay  
In such a Frame as this,  
And when thou call'st for them away,  
Waft them to endless Bliss.

H Y M N XX.

The same.

**S**WEET is the Work, O God, our King,  
To praise thy Name, give Thanks, and sing:  
To shew thy Love by Morning Light.  
And talk of all thy Truth by Night.

Sweet

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,  
No mortal Cares should seize our Breast;  
O may our Hearts in Tune be found,  
Like David's Harp of solemn Sound!

Our Hearts should triumph in thee, Lord,  
And bless thy Works, and bless thy Word;  
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

O may we see, and hear, and know,  
What Mortals cannot reach below:  
May all our Pow'rs find sweet Employ  
In Christ's eternal World of Joy.

# H Y M N XXI.

Longing for the House of God.

**L**ORD of the Worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The Dwellings of thy Love,  
Thy earthly Temples are!  
To his Abode,  
My Soul, aspire,  
With warm Desire,  
To see thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy Men that pay  
Their constant Service there!

They praise Christ still;  
And happy they  
That love the Way  
To Zion's Hill.

They go from Strength to Strength,  
Through this dark Vale of Tears:

'Till each arrives at length,

'Till each in Heav'n appears.

O glorious Seat!

Our God and King,

Us thither bring,

To kiss thy Feet!

The Lord his People loves;  
His Hand no Good with-holds  
From those his Heart approves,  
From pure and pious Souls.

Thrice happy he,

O God of Hosts,

Whose Spirit trusts

Alone in thee!

## H Y M N XXII.

The same.

**H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are!  
The new-born Soul both longs and faints  
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place  
Within the Temple of thy Grace!  
There they behold thy gentler Rays,  
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set  
To find the Way to Zion's Gate;  
God is their Strength, and through the Road  
They lean upon their Helper God.

Oh may we walk with growing Strength,  
'Till we all meet in Heav'n at length ;  
'Till all before Christ's Face appear,  
And join in nobler Worship there !

# H Y M N XXIII.

## Offices of CHRIST.

**J** OIN all the glorious Names  
Of Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
That Mortals ever knew,  
That Angels ever bore :  
All are too mean  
To speak his Worth,  
Too mean to set  
Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms,  
What condescending Ways,  
Doth our Redeemer use  
To teach his heav'nly Grace !  
My Soul, with Joy  
And Wonder see  
What Forms of Love  
He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,  
Our Tongues would bless thy Name ;  
By thee the joyful News  
Of our Salvation came :  
The joyful News  
Of Sins forgiv'n,  
Of Hell subdu'd,  
And Peace with Heav'n

[ 18. ]

Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;  
Thou guilty Sinner seek  
No Sacrifice beside:

His pow'rful Blood  
Did once atone,  
And now it pleads  
Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,  
Our Conqu'ror and our King,  
Thy Scepter and thy Sword,  
Thy reigning Grace we sing.  
Thine is the Pow'r;  
O may we sit,  
In willing Bonds,  
Beneath thy Feet!

## H Y M N XXIV.

The same.

**A**Rray'd in mortal Flesh,  
Christ like an Angel stands,  
And holds the Promises  
And Pardons in his Hands:  
Commission'd from  
His Father's Throne,  
To make his Grace  
To Mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,  
Our Pattern and our Guide!  
And through this desert Land  
Still keep us near thy Side!



O let our Feet  
Ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek  
The crooked Way!

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,  
Who's watchful Eye doth keep  
Poor wandering Souls among  
The Thousands of his Sheep.  
He feeds his Flock,  
He calls their Names,  
His Bosom bears  
The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,  
My Soul, commend thy Cause;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken Laws:  
Believing Souls  
Now free are set;  
For Christ hath paid  
Their dreadful Debt.

Their Advocate appears  
For their Defence on high,  
The Father bows his Ears,  
And lays his Thunder by:  
Not all that Hell  
Or Sin can say,  
Shall turn his Heart,  
His Love away.

Then let our Souls arise,  
And tread the Tempter down;  
Our Captain leads us forth  
To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint  
Shall win the Day,  
Tho' Death and Hell  
Obstruct the Way.

## H Y M N XXV.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness,  
Sanctification, and Redemption.

**B**URY'D in Shadows of the Night,  
We lie, 'till Christ restores the Light;  
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,  
And chase the Darkness of the Mind,

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,  
'Till the atoning Blood appears;  
Then they awake from deep Distress,  
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;  
He sets the Pris'ner free, and breaks  
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor Helpless Worms in thee possess  
Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness:  
Thou art our mighty All, may we  
Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to thee!

## H Y M N XXVI.

The same.

**H**OW heavy is the Night,  
That hangs upon our Eyes,  
'Till Christ with his reviving Light  
Over our Souls arise!

Our

Our guilty Spirits dread  
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n;  
But in his Righteousness array'd,  
We see our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure  
Are all our Thoughts and Ways;  
His Hands infected Nature cure  
With sanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree  
To hold our Souls in vain;  
He sets the Sons of Bondage free,  
And breaks the cursed Chain.

Lord, we adore thy Ways  
That bring us near to God:  
Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,  
And thine atoning Blood.

## H Y M N XXVII.

### To the HOLY GHOST.

**C**reator Spirit, by whose Aid  
The World's Foundations first were laid,  
Come visit ev'ry waiting Mind,  
Come pour thy Joys on Humankind;  
From Sin, and Sorrow, set us free,  
And make us Temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated Heat,  
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!  
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,  
Our Hearts with heav'nly Love inspire;  
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Create

Create all new, our Wills controul,  
 Subdue the Rebel in our Soul;  
 Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe,  
 And Peace, the Fruit of Faith, bestow;  
 And lest again we go astray,  
 Protect and guide us in thy Way.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame,  
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name;  
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,  
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd;  
 And equal Adoration be,  
 Eternal Comforter, to thee!

## H Y M N XXVIII.

The same.

**C**OME, Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire,  
 Let us thy Influence prove;  
 Source of the old prophetic Fire,  
 Fountain of Life and Love.

Come, Holy Ghost (for mov'd by thee  
 Thy holy Prophets spoke)  
 Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,  
 Unseal the sacred Book.

Expand thy Wings, prolific Dove,  
 Brood o'er our Nature's Night;  
 On our disorder'd Spirits move,  
 And let there now be Light.

God thro' himself we then shall know,  
 If thou within us shine;  
 And sound with all thy Saints below,  
 The Depths of Love Divine. The

H Y M N XXIX.

The same.

**W**H Y should the Children of a King  
Go mourning all their Days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some Tokens of thy Grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy Saints,  
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n?  
When wilt thou banish their Complaints,  
And shew their Sins forgiv'n?

Affure each Conscience of its Part  
In the Redeemer's Blood,  
And bear thy Witness in each Heart,  
That it is born of God.

Thou art the Earnest of his Love,  
The Pledge of Joys to come;  
May thy blest Wings, celestial Dove,  
Safely convey us home!

H Y M N XXX.

CHRIST's Birth.

**T**HE King of Glory sends his Son,  
To make his Entrance on this Earth;  
Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,  
And heav'nly Hosts declare his Birth!

About the young Redeemer's Head,  
What Wonders and what Glories meet!  
An unknown Star arose, and led  
The eastern Sages to his Feet.

Simeon



Simeon and Anna both conspire,  
The Infant Saviour to proclaim;  
Inward they felt the sacred Fire,  
And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his Name.

Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,  
And treat the holy Child with Scorn;  
Our Souls adore th' eternal God,  
Who condescended to be born.

## H Y M N XXXI.

The same.

**H**ARK! the Herald Angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,  
God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,  
Join the Triumphs of the Skies;  
Nature rise and worship him,  
Who is born at Bethlehem.

Christ by highest Heav'n ador'd,  
Christ the everlasting Lord;  
Late in Time behold him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity!  
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear,  
Jesus our Emmanuel here.

Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
Light and Life around he brings,  
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

Mild

Mild he lays his Glory by,  
 Born that Men no more may die;  
 Born to raise the Sons of Earth,  
 Born to give them second Birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
 Fix in us thy heav'nly Home;  
 Rise the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,  
 Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeness now efface,  
 Stamp thy Image in its Place;  
 Second Adam from above,  
 Work it in us by thy Love.

## H Y M N XXXII.

The same.

**W**HAT good News the Angels bring!  
 What glad Tidings of our King?

Christ the Lord is born To-day,  
 Christ who takes our Sins away;  
 He who rules in Heav'n and Earth,  
 Hath in Bethlehem his Birth;  
 Him shall all his People see,  
 And rejoice eternally.

Lift your Hearts and Voices high,  
 With Hosannas fill the Sky;  
 Glory be to God above!  
 God is infinite in Love:  
 Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men!  
 Now with us our God is seen:  
 Angels join with us in Praise,  
 Help us sing redeeming Grace.

D

Now

Now the Wall is broken down,  
 Now the Gospel is made known;  
 Now the Door is open wide,  
 Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd;  
 All who feel the Weight of Sin,  
 All who languish to be clean;  
 All who for Redemption groan,  
 May be sav'd by Faith alone.

Jesus is the lovely Name,  
 This the Angel doth proclaim;  
 He shall all his People save,  
 They in him Remission have:  
 When they see themselves undone,  
 They take Refuge in the Son;  
 They shall all be born again,  
 And with him in Glory reign.

Shout, ye Nations of the Earth,  
 Sing the Triumphs of his Birth;  
 All the World by him is blest;  
 Sound his Praise from East to West.  
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,  
 Christ our common Lord and King;  
 Christ our Life, our Joy, our Song,  
 To Eternity prolong.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

The same.

**F**ATHER, our Hearts we lift  
 Up to thy gracious Throne,  
 And bless thee for the precious Gift  
 Of thine incarnate Son:

The

The Gift unspeakable,  
 We thankfully receive,  
 And to the World thy Goodness tell :  
 Oh may we to thee live !

Jesus, the holy Child,  
 Doth by his Birth declare,  
 That God and Man are reconcil'd,  
 And one in him we are.  
 Salvation thro' his Name  
 To lost Mankind is giv'n,  
 And loud his Infant-Cries proclaim  
 A Peace 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.

A Peace on Earth he brings,  
 Which never more shall end ;  
 The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings,  
 Declares himself our Friend :  
 Assumes our Flesh and Blood,  
 That we his Sp'rit may gain,  
 The everlasting Son of God,  
 The mortal Son of Man.

O may we all receive  
 The new-born Prince of Peace,  
 And meekly in his Spirit live,  
 And in his Love increase !  
 'Till he convey us home,  
 Cry ev'ry Soul aloud,  
 Come, thou Desire of Nations, come, !  
 And take us all to God.

### H Y M N XXXIV.

The Circumcision of CHRIST.

**S**EE, my Soul, with Wonder see  
 The incarnate Deity ;

D 2

Human

Human Nature he assumes  
 He to ransom Sinners comes.  
 He was not conceiv'd in Sin,  
 He was infinitely clean;  
 Him no sinful Spot disguis'd,  
 Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteousness,  
 Standing in our legal Place,  
 From the Cradle to the Cross,  
 All he did he did for us.  
 He did all our Woes retrieve,  
 He expir'd that we might live:  
 By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,  
 By his Blood our Peace is seal'd.

Jesu's Pain procures our Ease,  
 Jesu's Death is our Release;  
 Jesu's Cross obtains our Crown,  
 Jesu's Sepulchre our Throne.  
 Lord, conform us to thy Death,  
 Bid our Sins yield up their Breath;  
 By thy Resurrection's Pow'r,  
 Make our Souls to Glory soar.

Circumcise our filthy Hearts,  
 Purify our inward Parts;  
 Lord, destroy the carnal Mind  
 That in thee we Peace may find:  
 In thy Righteousness array'd,  
 Let us triumph and be glad;  
 Let us walk with thee in white,  
 'Till we see thy Face in Light.



## H Y M N XXXV.

CHRIST's Compassion for the Tempted.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace  
 Of our high Priest above ;  
 His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,  
 His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble Frame ;  
 He knows what ſore Temptations mean,  
 For he hath felt the ſame.

He in the Days of feeble Fleſh,  
 Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,  
 And in his Meaſure feels aſreſh,  
 What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,  
 But raiſe it to a Flame ;  
 The bruifed Reed he never breaks,  
 Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.

Then, let our humble Faith addreſs  
 His Mercy and his Pow'r ;  
 We ſhall obtain delivering Grace  
 In the diſtreſſing Hour.

## H Y M N XXXVI.

CHRIST's Paſſion.

YE that paſs by behold the Man,  
 The Man of Griefs condemn'd for you,  
 The Lamb of God for Sinners ſlain,  
 Weeping to Calvary purſue.

His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,  
 With Nails they fasten to the Wood  
 His sacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,  
 Or only cover'd with his Blood.

See there ! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,  
 His bleeding Hands extended wide,  
 His streaming Feet transfixt and torn,  
 The Fountain gushing from his Side.

Oh, thou dear suffering Son of God,  
 How doth thy Heart to Sinners move !  
 Help us to catch thy precious Blood,  
 Help us to taste thy dying Love.

The Earth could, to her Centre quake,  
 Convuls'd whilst her Creator dy'd ;  
 O may our inmost Nature shake,  
 And bow with Jesus crucify'd !

At thy last Gasp, the Graves display'd  
 Their Horrors to the upper Skies ;  
 O that our Souls might burst the Shade,  
 And, quicken'd by thy Death, arise !

The Rocks could feel thy pow'rful Death,  
 And tremble, and asunder part ;  
 O rend with thy expiring Breath  
 The harder Marble of our Heart !

### H Y M N XXXVII.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

**N**OW for a Tune of lofty Praise,  
 To great Jehovah's equal Son !

Awake.

Awake my Voice in heav'nly Lays,  
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful Earth,  
He came to raise our Nature high ;  
He came t'atone Almighty Wrath,  
Jesus the God was born to die.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,  
Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay ;  
Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,  
And rose to everlasting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,  
Up to his Throne of shining Grace ;  
See what immortal Glories sit  
Round the sweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongst a thousand Harps and Songs,  
Jesus the God exalted reigns ;  
Oh may his Praise fill all our Tongues,  
And echoe to the heav'nly Plains.

# H Y M N XXXVIII.

The same.

**W**HAT equal Honours shall we bring,  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb !  
Since all the Notes that Angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy Name !

Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd ;  
Worthy to rise and live and reign,  
At his Almighty Father's Side.

Pow'r

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due  
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here. ]

Honour immortal must be paid,  
Instead of Scandal and of Scorn;  
While Glory shines around his Head,  
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore our Sin, and Curse, and Pain;  
Let Angels sound his sacred Name,  
And every Creature say Amen!

## H Y M N XXXIX.

### CHRIST'S Resurrection.

**J**ESUS, who dy'd a World to save,  
Revives and rises from the Grave,  
By his Almighty Pow'r:  
From Sin and Death, and Hell set free,  
He Captive leads Captivity,  
And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and see,  
Your Saviour cloath'd with Majesty,  
Triumphant o'er the Tomb:  
Give o'er your Griefs, cast off your Fears,  
In Heav'n your Mansions he prepares,  
And soon will take you home.

His Church is still his Joy and Crown,  
He looks with Love and Pity down,  
On her he did redeem:

He

He tastes her Joys, he feels her Woes,  
And prays that she may spoil her Foes,  
And ever reign with him.

Oh may we all from Sin awake,  
May all in Heav'n our Places take,  
Near our exalted Head !  
May all our Souls to Heav'n aspire,  
In Thought, in Will, in strong Desire,  
To carnal Pleasures dead !

# H Y M N XL.

The same.

**T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears,  
To set in Blood no more ;  
Adore the Scatterer of your Fears,  
Your rising God adore.

The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,  
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes :  
He breaks again the Bands of Death,  
Again the Dead arise !

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,  
Alone the Wine-Press trod ;  
He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man,  
He rises as a God.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,  
Forbid an early Rise  
To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,  
And opens Paradise.



## H Y M N XLI.

CHRIST'S Ascension.

**C**LAP your Hands, ye People all,  
 Praise the God on whom ye call;  
 Lift your Voice, and shout his Praise,  
 Triumph in his sovereign Grace.

Jesus is gone up on high,  
 Takes his Seat above the Sky;  
 Shout the Angel Choirs aloud,  
 Echoing to the Trump of God!

Sons of Men, the Triumph join,  
 Praise him with the Host divine;  
 Emulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,  
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,  
 Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love;  
 Praises to our Jesus sing,  
 Praises to our glorious King!

Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,  
 Pow'r o'er Hell and Earth and Heav'n:  
 Jesus, Pow'r to us impart,  
 Then we'll praise with all our Heart.

## H Y M N XLII.

The same.

**H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
 That cloath'd himself in Clay,  
 Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,  
 And tore the Bars away!

Death

Death is no more the King of Dread.  
 Since our Emmanuel rose;  
 He took the Tyrant's Sting away,  
 And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,  
 And to his Father flies,  
 With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,  
 And Triumph in his Eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
 And scatters Blessings down;  
 Our Jesus fills the middle Seat  
 Of the celestial Throne.

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,  
 To reach his bless'd Abode;  
 Sweet be the Accents of our Songs,  
 To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels strike their loudest Strings,  
 Your sweetest Voices raise;  
 Let Heav'n, and all created Things,  
 Sound our Emmanuel's Praise.

## H Y M N XLIII.

The same.

**H**AIL the Day that sees him rise,  
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes;  
 Christ a while to Mortals giv'n,  
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n.  
 There the pompous Triumph waits,  
 "Lift your Heads, eternal Gates!"  
 "Wide unfold the radiant Scene,  
 "Take the King of Glory in."

Cir-

Circl'd around with Angel-Pow'rs,  
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,  
 Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,  
 Take the King of Glory in.  
 Him, though highest Heav'n receives,  
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves ;  
 Though returning to his Throne,  
 Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above ;  
 See, he shews the Prints of Love ;  
 Hark ! his gracious Lips bestow  
 Blessings on his Church below :  
 Still for us he intercedes,  
 Prevalent his Death he pleads ;  
 Next himself prepares our Place,  
 Harbinger of human Race.

Master (may we ever say)  
 Taken from our Head To-day,  
 See, thy faithful Servants see,  
 Ever gazing up to thee !  
 Grant, though parted from our Sight,  
 High above yon azure Height,  
 Grant, our Hearts may thither rise,  
 Seeking thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,  
 Wafted on the Wings of Love ;  
 Looking when our Lord shall come,  
 Longing, gasping after Home !  
 There may we with thee remain,  
 Partners of thine endless Reign ;  
 There thy Face unclouded see,  
 Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee !

CHRIST'S

H Y M N XLIV.

CHRIST'S Intercession.

**W**ELL! the Redeemer's gone  
T' appear before our God,  
To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne  
With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Vengeance now,  
No burning Wrath comes down;  
If Justice calls for Sinners Blood,  
The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's Eye,  
Our humble Suit he moves;  
The Father lays his Thunder by,  
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful Tongues  
Our Maker's Honours sing;  
Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,  
And bears 'em to the King.

H Y M N XLV.

The same.

**L**IFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats,  
Where your Redeemer stays;  
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,  
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee;  
And shed his vital Blood;  
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,  
And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and Praise may rise,  
And Saints their Off'rings bring;  
The Priest with his own Sacrifice  
Presents them to the King.

Ten thousand Praises to the King,  
Hosanna in the High't!  
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring  
To God, and to his Christ.

# H Y M N XLVI.

Praising CHRIST.

**A** WAKE, and sing the Song  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,  
Sing of his rising Pow'r,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose Sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts  
Ascending with our Tongues,  
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,  
And Grace inspire our Songs.

Sing till we hear Christ say,  
"Your Sins are all forgiv'n."  
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,  
'Till we all meet in Heav'n.



## H Y M N XLVII.

The same.

**C**OME, my Brethren, Isr'el's Race,  
 And hear me bless my King;  
 Hear me my Beloved praise,  
 My Jesus do I sing:  
 Neither hear my Song alone,  
 But help, O help me to proclaim  
 Jesus, our Creator's Son;  
 Jesus! that lovely Name.

Others sing their Time away,  
 Who Jesus never knew;  
 Ought not we to pass our Day  
 In Joy and Singing too?  
 Others, have they Cause to bless?  
 The Children of the King have more;  
 They have Christ, their Righteousness!  
 Their Glory, Peace, and Pow'r.

Bow thy Throne, thou Son of God!  
 And with a living Coal  
 From the Altar, stain'd with Blood,  
 Inspire each drowsy Soul.  
 Slaughter'd Lamb, who, can shew,  
 Or fully who can sing thy Praise?  
 Lord, we fail in Hymns below,  
 Teach! teach us heav'nly Lays.

## H Y M N XLVIII.

CHRIST worshipped by all his Creatures.

**C**OME, let us join our chearful Songs,  
 With Angels round the Throne,

Ten thousand thousands are their Tongues,  
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,  
To be exalted thus ;

Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and Pow'r divine ;  
And Blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of him that sits upon the Throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

# H Y M N XLIX.

The same.

**S**URE thy Name is Wonderful  
Counsellor, the mighty God,  
Whom the heav'nly Hosts adore,  
Praise we through the Earth abroad.

Thou the Godhead bearing down,  
To the Sight of mortal Man,  
Flesh in Form, and God in Pow'r,  
Suted art to all thy Plan.

Center'd in thy lovely Face,  
Judgment, Mercy, b th appear ;  
All the Father's Honour meets,  
All his Glory triumphs here.

Wonder-

Wonderfully form'd to raise  
Adam's fallen helpless Race,  
Form'd to purchase, and secure,  
For thy People, boundless Grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,  
Thou the Priest foretold to rise;  
Thou the Sacrificer art,  
Thou too art the Sacrifice.

Lamb of God, that once was slain,  
Bleeding on the painful Tree,  
Risen and ascended high,  
We adore thy Majesty.

Wonderful art thou in Pow'r,  
But most wonderful in Love:  
Be thou all our Theme below,  
Be thou all our Heav'n above!

Hallelujah.

# H Y M N L.

The same.

**Y**E Servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful Name.  
The Name all victorious  
Of Jesus extol;  
His Kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save,  
And still he is nigh,  
His Presence we have.

The great Congregation  
 His Triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing Salvation  
 To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God,  
 Who sits on the Throne;  
 Let all cry aloud,  
 And honour the Son.  
 Our Jesus's Praises  
 The Angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their Faces  
 And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,  
 And give him his Right,  
 All Glory and Pow'r  
 And Wisdom and Might;  
 All Honour and Blessing,  
 With Angels above,  
 And Thanks never ceasing,  
 And infinite Love.

## H Y M N L I.

Te Deum.

**H**OW can we adore,  
 Or worthily praise,  
 Thy Goodness and Pow'r,  
 Thou God of all Grace!  
 With Honour and Blessing,  
 Before thee we fall,  
 Most gladly confessing  
 Thee Father of all.

The

The Heavn's and Earth,  
And Water and Air,  
To thee owe their Birth,  
Subsist by thy Care;  
While Angels are singing  
Thy Praises above,  
We Mortals are bringing  
Our Tribute of Love.

Thou, Saviour, art one  
With God the Supreme,  
His eternal Son,  
And equal with him:  
Invested with Glory,  
On high dost thou sit,  
While Angels adore thee  
And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love!  
How wond'rous thy Grace!  
Thou cam'st from above  
To save a lost Race;  
And, Man to deliver,  
Of Mary wast born,  
That ev'ry Believer  
To God might return.

How soon will thy Seat  
Of Judgment appear!  
Prepare us to meet  
And welcome thee there.  
Thy witnessing Spirit  
In us shed abroad,  
And bid us inherit  
The Kingdom of God.



The Father and Son  
 And Sp'rit agree,  
 To constitute one  
 Compleat Deity:  
 Sweet Jesus, thy Merit  
 Makes our Peace with God,  
 And by thy good Spirit  
 Fall'n Souls are renew'd.

## H Y M N LII.

To the T R I N I T Y.

**B**LEST be the Father and his Love.  
 To whose celestial Source we owe  
 Rivers of endless Joys above,  
 And rills of Comfort here below!

Glory to thee, great Son of God!  
 Forth from thy wounded Body rolls  
 A precious Stream of vital Blood,  
 Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the Sacred Spirit Praise.  
 Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,  
 Makes living Springs of Grace arise,  
 And into boundless Glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, we adore,  
 That Sea of Life and Love unknown,  
 Without a Bottom or a Shore.

H Y M N

H Y M N LIII.

The same.

**H**AIL holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless Praise to thee;  
Supreme, essential one ador'd,  
In co-eternal three!

Inthron'd in everlasting State,  
E'er Time its Round began,  
Who join'd in Council to create  
The Dignity of Man.

All that the Name of Creature owns,  
To thee in Hymns aspire;  
May we as Angels on our Thrones  
For ever join the Choir!

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless Praise to thee;  
Supreme, essential one ador'd,  
In co eternal three!

H Y M N LIV.

The same.

**L**ET God the Father live  
For ever on our Tongues,  
Sinners from his free Love derive  
The Ground of all their Songs.

Ye Saints employ your Breath,  
In Honour to the Son;  
Who brought your Souls from Hell and Death,  
By off'ring up his own.

Give

Give to the Spirit Praise,  
Of an immortal Strain;  
Whose Light and Pow'r, and Grace conveys  
Salvation down to Men.

While God the Comforter,  
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,  
O may the Blood and Water bear  
The same Record within!

To the great one and three,  
That seal the Grace in Heav'n,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal Glory giv'n.

## H Y M N LV.

The same.

**W**E give immortal Praise,  
To God the Father's Love;

For all our Comforts here,  
And better Hopes above.

He sent his own

Eternal Son,

To die for Sins

That Man had done.

To God the Son belongs

Immortal Glory too,

Who bought us with his Blood,

From everlasting Woe.

And now he lives,

And now he reigns,

And sees the Fruit

Of all his Pains.

To God the Spirit's Name,  
Immortal Worship giye;  
Whose new creating Pow'r  
Makes the dead Sinners live.

His Work compleats  
The great Design,  
And fills the Soul  
With Joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless Honours done;  
The undivided three,  
And the mysterious one!  
Where Reason fails  
With all her Pow'rs,  
There Faith prevails  
And Love adores.

## H Y M N LVI.

The same.

**T**O him that chose us first,  
Before the World began;  
To him that bore the Curse  
To save rebellious Man:  
To him that form'd  
Our Hearts anew,  
Is endless Praise  
And Glory due.

The Father's Love shall run  
Thro' our immortal Songs;  
We bring to God, the Son,  
Hosannas on our Tongues.  
Our Lips address  
The Spirit's Name,  
With equal Praise  
And Zeal the same.

Let

Let every Saint above,  
And Angel round the Throne;  
For ever bless and love  
The sacred three in one!

Thus Heav'n shall raise  
His Honours high,  
When Earth and Time  
Grow old and die.

## H Y M N LVII.

Angels praise the Lord.

**T**HE Lord, the Sovereign King,  
Hath fix'd his Throne on high,  
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,  
And all beneath the Sky.

Ye Angels great in Might,  
And swift to do his Will,  
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,  
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright Hosts who wait  
The Orders of their King,  
And guard his Churches when they pray,  
Join in the Praise they sing.

While all his wond'rous Works  
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew  
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,  
Shalt sing his Graces too.

## H Y M N LVIII.

The brazen Serpent.

**W**ITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd  
When Isr'el's mourning Tribes complain'd  
And



And sigh'd to be reliev'd,  
 A Serpent strait the Prophet made  
 Of molten Brass, to View display'd,  
 The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But, oh, what healing to the Heart,  
 Does Jesu's greater Cross impart,

To those who seek a Cure?  
 Isr'el of old, and we no less,  
 The same indulgent Grace confess,  
 Whilst Life and Breath endure.

To Reason's View, so strange Effect,  
 Self-righteous Souls will still reject,

And perish in their Pride!  
 Not so the stung with Sin and Law,  
 These all their rich Salvation draw  
 From Jesu's bleeding Side.

May we then view the matchless Cross,  
 And other Objects count but Loss,

No other Gain explore!  
 Here still be fix'd our feasted Eyes,  
 Teeming with Tears of glad Surprize,  
 And thankfully adore!

Hail, great Emmanuel, balmy Name!  
 Thy Praise the Ransom'd will proclaim,

Thee we Physician call;  
 We own no other Cure but thine,  
 Thou the Deliverer Divine,  
 Our Health, our Life, our all.

H Y M N LIX.

God made Man.

**O** Lord our God, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted Name !

The Glories of thy heav'nly State  
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

When we behold thy Works on high,  
The Moon that rules the Night,  
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,  
'Those moving Worlds of Light :

Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That thou should'st visit him with Grace,  
And love his Nature so ?

That thine eternal Son should bear  
To take a mortal Form,  
Made lower than his Angels are,  
To save a dying Worm !

Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted Name !  
The Glories of thy heav'nly State  
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

H Y M N LX.

Faith in CHRIST.

**H**OW sad our State by Nature is,  
Our Sin how deep it stains !  
And Satan binds our Captive Souls  
Fast in his slavish Chains.

But

But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace  
 Sounds from God's sacred Word;  
 Ho! ye despairing Sinners, come  
 And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,  
 And run to this Relief!  
 We would believe thy Promise, Lord,  
 O help our Unbelief!

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,  
 Teach us, O Lord, to fly;  
 There may we wash our spotted Souls  
 From Crimes of deepest Dye!

Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,  
 Our reigning Sins subdue;  
 Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,  
 With his infernal Crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms,  
 Into thy Hands we fall;  
 Be thou our Strength and Righteousness,  
 Our Jesus and our all!

## H Y M N LXI.

## Thanksgiving.

**M**EET and right it is to sing  
 Glory to our God and King;  
 Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,  
 To rehearse his solemn Praise.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,  
 Angels help the chearful Sound;

Publish thro' the World abroad  
Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to thee we give,  
Gracious thou our Thanks receive;  
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,  
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,  
Sing we still in Jesu's Name;  
Saviour, thee we ever bless,  
Thee our Lord and God confess.

### H Y M N LXII.

Therefore with Angels, &c.

**L**ORD and God of heav'nly Powers,  
Theirs—yet oh benignly ours!  
Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,  
Worms attempt to chant thy Name.

Thee to laud in Songs divine,  
Angels and Archangels join;  
We with them our Voices raise,  
Echoing thy eternal Praise.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd;  
Full of thee, they ever cry,  
Glory be to God most high!

### H Y M N LXIII.

Glory be to God on high, &c.

**G**LORY be to God on high,  
God, whose Glory fills the Sky;

Peace

Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,  
Man the well-belov'd of Heav'n.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,  
Thee we now presume to sing;  
Glad thine Attributes confels,  
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail by all thy Works ador'd,  
Hail the everlasting Lord;  
Thee with thankful Hearts we prove,  
Lord of Pow'r, and God of Love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,  
Christ the Father's only Son;  
Lamb of God for Sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending Man!

Pow'rful Advocate with God,  
Justify us by thy Blood;  
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,  
Hear the World's Atonement thou!

Hear; for thou, O Christ, alone,  
With thy gracious Sire, art one!  
One the Holy Ghost, with thee,  
One Supreme eternal three.

# H Y M N LXIV.

It is finish'd.

**T**IS finish'd, the Redeemer said,  
And meekly bow'd his dying Head;  
Whilst we this Sentence scan,  
Come, Sinners, and observe the Word,  
Behold the Conquests of our Lord,  
Compleat for helpless Man.



Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,  
Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace;

Their mighty Debt is paid :

Accusing Law, cancel'd by Blood,

And Wrath of an offended God,

In sweet Oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second Claim ?

The Law no longer can condemn,

Faith a Release can shew :

Justice itself a Friend appears,

The Prison house a Whisper hears,

Loose him and let him go.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar !

Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,

Why dost thou yet reply ?

Where'er thy loud Objections fall,

'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,

And silence ev'ry Cry.

His Toil, divinely finish'd, stands,

But, ah ! the Praise his Word demands ;

Careful may we attend !

Conclusion to our Souls be this,

Because Salvation finish'd is,

Our Thanks shall never end.

## H Y M N LXV.

### Adoption.

**B**EHOLD what wondrous Grace

The Father has bestow'd

On Sinners of a mortal Race,

To call them Sons of God !

Nor

Nor doth it yet appear,  
How great they will be made;  
But when they see their Saviour here,  
Saints shall be like their Head.

A Hope so much divine,  
May Trials well endure;  
May purge their Souls from Sense and Sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.

O Lord, if in thy Love  
We share a filial Part,  
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,  
To rest upon each Heart.

Suffer us not to lie  
Like Slaves before thy Throne;  
Let each now, Abba, Father, cry,  
And thou the Kindred own.

# H Y M N LXVI.

Enjoyment of CHRIST

**L**ORD, what a Heav'n of saving Grace  
Shines through the Beauties of thy Face!  
O light our Passions to a Flame!  
Then shall we love thy charming Name.

Then will a Scene of sacred Joy,  
Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employ;  
Then shall we long to gaze away,  
A long and everlasting Day.

Send Comforts, Lord, from thy right Hand,  
While we pass through this barren Land;

And

And in thy Temple let us see  
A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of thee.

## H Y M N LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

**N**OW to the Lord, a noble Song;  
Awake, my Soul, awake my Tongue,  
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,  
And all his boundless Love proclaim!

See where it shines in Jesu's Face,  
The brightest Image of his Grace;  
God, in the Person of his Son,  
Hath all his mightiest Works outdone.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme;  
Exult, my Soul, at Jesu's Name!  
Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound;  
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground!

Oh that we all may reach the Place,  
Where he unveils his lovely Face,  
Where all his Beauties you behold,  
And sing his Name to Harps of Gold!

## H Y M N LXVIII.

Looking to Jesus.

**H**OW glorious the Lamb  
Is seen on his Throne!

His Labours are o'er,

His Conquests put on:

A Kingdom is giv'n

Into the Lamb's Hand,

In Earth and in Heav'n,  
For ever to stand.

Ye Sinners below

Then trust in the Lord,

Look up to his Arm,

His Honour, his Word:

Athirst for his Favour,

His Godhead adore,

Look up to your Saviour,

And Joy evermore !

## H Y M N LXIX.

First and second Adam.

**D**EEP in the Dust, before thy Throne,  
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own;  
Great God, we own th' unhappy Name,  
Whence sprung our Nature and our Shame.

But whilst our Spirits fill'd with Awe,  
Behold the Terrors of thy Law,  
We sing the Honours of thy Grace,  
That sent to save our ruin'd Race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,  
Who join'd our Nature to his own;  
Adam, the second, from the Dust  
Raises the Ruins of the first.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,  
There have the Sons of Adam found  
Abounding Life; there glorious Grace  
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

Salvation.

## H Y M N LXX.

Salvation.

**S**ALVATION ! O the joyful Sound !

What Pleasure to our Ears !

A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,

A Cordial for our Fears.

Buried in Sorrow, and in Sin,

At Hell's dark Door we lay !

Oh may we rise by Grace divine,

To see a heav'nly Day !

Salvation ! let the Eccho fly

The spacious Earth around,

While all the Armies of the Sky

Conspire to raise the Sound.

## H Y M N LXXI.

CHRIST's Victory over Satan.

**H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring King !

The Prince of Darkness flies ;

His Troops rush headlong down to Hell,

Like Light'ning from the Skies.

There bound in Chains the Lions' roar,

And fright the rescu'd Sheep :

But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r

And Malice to the Deep.

Hosanna to our conqu'ring King !

All hail, incarnate Love !

Ten thousand Songs and Glories wait

To crown thy Head above.

Thy



Thy Vict'ries and thy deathless Fame,  
Thro' the wide World shall run;  
And everlasting Ages sing  
The Triumphs thou hast won.

# H Y M N LXXII.

## A Blessed GOSPEL.

**B**LEST are the Souls that hear and know  
The Gospel's joyful Sound,  
Peace shall attend the Path they go,  
And Light their Steps surround.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,  
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;  
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,  
Strength of Salvation gives:  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

# H Y M N LXXIII.

## Before Prayer.

**S**ING to the Lord, Jehovah's Name,  
And in his Strength rejoice;  
When his Salvation is our Theme,  
Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,  
And Psalms of Honour sing;  
The Lord's a God of boundless Might,  
The whole Creation's King,

Earth

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious Hand;  
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,  
And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,  
Come kneel before his Face;  
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r  
Be Children of his Grace!

### H Y M N LXXIV.

The Church is God's House and Care.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,  
While in his holy Courts ye wait,  
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,  
Or stand attending at his Gate.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good,  
To praise his Name is sweet Employ;  
Israel he chose of old, and still  
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his Love,  
People and Priests exalt his Name;  
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells,  
His Church is his Jerusalem.

### H Y M N LXXV.

Praising God.

**G**IVE Thanks to God most high,  
The universal Lord,  
The sov'reign King of Kings,  
And be his Grace ador'd.

His

His Pow'r and Grace  
Are still the same,  
And let his Name  
Have endless Praise.

How mighty is his Hand !  
What Wonders hath he done !  
He form'd the Earth and Seas,  
And spread the Heav'ns alone :  
Thy Mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure,  
And ever sure  
Abides thy Word.

He saw the Nations lie,  
All perishing in Sin,  
And pity'd the sad State  
The ruin'd World was in.  
Thy Mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure,  
And ever sure  
Abides thy Word.

He sent his only Son  
To save us from our Woe,  
From Satan, Sin, and Death,  
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.  
His Pow'r and Grace  
Are still the same,  
And let his Name  
Have endless Praise.

H Y M N LXXVI.

The same.

**F**ROM all that dwell below the Skies,  
 Let the Creator's Praise arise;  
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
 Thro' ev'ry Land by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal Truth attends thy Word;  
 Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,  
 Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Desiring C H R I S T's Life to be shed abroad  
 in the Heart.

**C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,  
 By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breast;  
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
 The Joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,  
 Make our enlarged Souls possess,  
 And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length,  
 Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

Now to the God whose Pow'r can do  
 More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,  
 Be everlasting Honours done,  
 By all the Church, through Christ his Son!

Sal-

## H Y M N LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

**N**OW to the Pow'r of God Supreme,  
 Be everlasting Honours giv'n ;  
 He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name)  
 He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deserts,  
 But of his own abounding Grace,  
 He works Salvation in our Hearts,  
 And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun  
 To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,  
 He gave us Grace in Christ his Son,  
 Before he spread the starry Sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,  
 And makes his Father's Councils known ;  
 Declares the great Transactions past,  
 And brings immortal Blessings down.

## H Y M N LXXIX.

Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

**D**ESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,  
 Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,  
 And mount, and bear us far above,  
 The Reach of these inferior Things.

O for a Sight, a pleasing Sight !  
 Of our Almighty Father's Throne !  
 There sits our Saviour, crown'd with Light,  
 Cloath'd in a Body like our own.



Adoring Saints around him stand,  
And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall;  
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,  
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.

When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear,  
That we shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow among them there,  
And view thy Face and sing thy Love?

## H Y M N LXXX.

Inviting to Praise.

**C**OME, guilty Souls, and flee away,  
Like Doves to Jesu's Wounds;  
This is the welcome GOSPEL-Day,  
Wherein free Grace abounds.

God lov'd the World, and gave his Son  
To drink the Cup of Wrath;  
And Jesus says, he'll cast out none  
That come to him by Faith.

## H Y M N LXXXI.

The same.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise  
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise;  
His Nature and his Works invite,  
To make this Duty our Delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,  
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

He

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flâmes,  
 He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;  
 His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound,  
 A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,  
 And cloathes the smiling Fields with Corn;  
 The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,  
 And the young Ravens when they cry.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight,  
 He views his Children with Delight;  
 He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear,  
 And looks and loves his Image there.

## H Y M N LXXXII.

The same.

**Y**E Seekers of God, whose diligent Care  
 Is ever employ'd in Christ's Blood to share;  
 With Praises unceasing, your Jesus proclaim,  
 Rejoicing, and blessing his excellent Name.

'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his House,  
 And lift up your Hands, and pay him your Vows;  
 And whilst we are giving our Jesus his Due,  
 Do thou, blessed Spirit, our Natures renew!

## H Y M N LXXXIII.

Universal Praise.

**H**ARK! dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing  
 Strives t'adore our bounteous King,  
 Each a double Tribute pays,  
 Sings its Part, and then obeys.

Wake, for Shame, my sluggish Heart;  
 Wake; and gladly sing thy Part;  
 Learn of Birds, and Springs, and Flow'rs,  
 How to employ the nobler Pow'rs.

Call whole Nature to thy Aid,  
 Since 'twas the whole Nature made;  
 Join we in one endless Song,  
 Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,  
 Live by all thy Works ador'd;  
 One in three, and three in one,  
 All things bow to thee alone.

## H Y M N LXXXIV

The New Creation.

**A**T TEND, while God's eternal Son;  
 Doth his own Glories shew;  
 "Behold, I sit upon my Throne,  
 "Creating all Things new.

"Nature and Sin are past away,  
 "And the old Adam dies;  
 "My Hands a new Foundation lay,  
 "See a new World arise!"

Mighty Redeemer, set us free  
 From our old State of Sin;  
 O make our Souls alive to thee,  
 Create new Pow'rs within.

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,  
 And mould our Hearts afresh;  
 Give us new Passions, Joys, and Fears,  
 And turn the Stone to Flesh.

Far

Far from the Regions of the Dead,  
 From Sin, and Earth, and Hell;  
 In the new World thy Grace hath made,  
 May we for ever dwell!

## HYMN LXXXV.

## Longing for Christ.

**O** Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
 Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood;  
 Hide us within thy Wounds, then Pain  
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be  
 For ever clos'd to all but thee;  
 Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear  
 That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How blest are those who still abide  
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding Side!  
 Who Life and Strength from thence derive,  
 And by thee move and in thee live.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,  
 That thou should'st Man to Glory bring;  
 Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,  
 Deck'd with a never-fading Crown.

Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty Thought,  
 To know the Wonders thou hast wrought;  
 Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell  
 Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many Brethren thou,  
 To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;  
 Help us to thee our All to give,  
 Thine may we die, thine may we live!

## H Y M N LXXXVI.

The same.

**O** Love divine, how sweet thou art,  
 When shall we find our longing Hearts  
 All taken up by thee?  
 Oh make me pant and thirst to prove  
 The Greatness of redeeming Love,  
 The Love of Christ to me.

God only knows the Love of God;

O that it now were shed abroad

In each poor stony Heart!

For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,

This only Portion, Lord, be mine,

Be mine this better Part!

O that we could for ever sit,

With Mary, at the Master's Feet,

Be this our happy Choice!

Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,

Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,

To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Thy only Love may we require,

Nothing on Earth beneath Desire,

Nothing in Heav'n above;

Let Earth and all its Trifles go,

Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,

Give us thy precious Love:

Commit



## H Y M N LXXXVII.

Commit thy Way unto the Lord, &c.

**C**OME, my Soul, before the Lamb,  
Fall and do him Rev'rence;  
Bless him for his Blood and Name,  
Sing his great Deliv'rance.

Why should Sorrow bow thee down,  
Trials or Temptation?  
Is not Christ upon the Throne,  
Still thy strong Salvation?

Cast thy Burdens on the Lord,  
Leave them with thy Saviour;  
He (whose Hands for thee were bor'd)  
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul,  
Turn thee and discover  
How he yet is merciful,  
Turn thee to thy Lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,  
Who can happy make thee;  
Gaze upon him who thee bought,  
'Till to him he takes thee.

Leave thy earthly Cares behind,  
Mind alone thy Saviour;  
Count thou all beside but Wind,  
Trample on it even.

## H Y M N LXXXVIII.

## The Christian Race.

**A** WAKE Our Souls, away our Fears;  
 Let every trembling Thought be gone:  
 Awake and run the heav'nly Race:  
 And put a chearful Courage on.

True 'tis a strait and thorny Road,  
 And mortal Spirits tire and faint:  
 But we forget the mighty God,  
 That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

O mighty God, thy matchless Pow'r  
 Is ever new and ever young;  
 And firm endures, while endless Years  
 Their everlasting Circles run.

From thee, the overflowing Spring,  
 Believers drink a fresh Supply,  
 While such as trust their native Strength,  
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,  
 Oh may we mount to thine Abode!  
 On Wings of Love to Jesus fly,  
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road!

## H Y M N LXXXIX.

We love him because he first loved us.

**O** F him who did Salvation bring,  
 Lord, may we ever think and sing!  
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;  
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,  
 All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring;  
 Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,  
 Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

To shame our Sins, Christ blush'd in Blood.  
 He clos'd his Eyes to shew us God;  
 Let all the World fall down and know,  
 That none but God such Love could show,

H Y M N XC.  
 Persevering Grace.

**T**O God the only wise,  
 Our Saviour and our King,  
 Let all the Saints below the Skies  
 Their humble Praises bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,  
 His Counsel and his Care,  
 Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints,  
 Unblemish'd and compleat,  
 Before the Glory of his Face,  
 With Joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen Seed  
 Shall meet around the Throne,  
 Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,  
 And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,  
 Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,  
 Immortal Crowns of Majesty,  
 And everlasting Songs.

## H Y M N XCI.

To Jesus Christ.

**O** Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,  
 Thou only holy, only just.  
 Oh tune our Souls to praise thy Name,  
 Jesus ! unchangeable, the same !

If Angels, whilst to thee they sing,  
 Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,  
 How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh  
 The great, the awful Deity ?

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !  
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I am ;  
 With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we blefs,  
 Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus ! live,  
 Worthy all Blessings to receive !  
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit  
 With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

## H Y M N XCII.

Unfruitfulness.

**L**ONG have we set beneath the Sound  
 Of thy Salvation, Lord,  
 But still how weak our Faith is found,  
 And Knowledge of thy Word !

Oft we frequent thy holy Place,  
 Yet hear almost in vain:  
 How small a Portion of thy Grace  
 Do our false Hearts retain !

Our

Our gracious Saviour and our God,  
How little art thou known,  
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,  
And Blessings of thy Throne?

How cold and feeble is our Love,  
How negligent our Fear!  
How low our Hope of Joys above,  
How few Affections there!

Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,  
To give thy Word success;  
Write thy Salvation on our Heart,  
And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way  
That leads to Joys on high;  
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,  
And Love shall never die.

# H Y M N XCIII.

## The Church a Garden.

**Z**ION's a Garden wall'd around,  
Chosen, and made peculiar Ground;  
A little Spot enclos'd by Grace,  
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like Spicy Trees, Believers stand,  
Planted by an Almighty Hand;  
And all the Springs in Zion flow,  
To make the rich Plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,  
Blow on thy Garden of Perfume;

H

Spirit



Spirit divine, descend, and breathe  
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make thou our Spices flow abroad,  
A grateful Incense to our God;  
Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,  
And ev'ry Grace be active here.

## H Y M N XCIV.

Redemption found.

**H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,  
Who in thee begin to live,  
Day and Night they cry to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,  
To thy Cross our Spirits bind;  
Earthly Passions far remove,  
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,  
Full of Guilt and Misery;  
Thine we are, thou Son of God,  
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Power divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine;  
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,  
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n.

## H Y M N XCV.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

**O**UR drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so?  
Awake each sluggish Soul;

Nothing

Nothing has half our Work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants, for one poor Grain,  
Labour, and tug, and strive;  
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t'obtain,  
How negligent we live!

We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our Good,  
How careless to secure that Crown  
He purchas'd with his Blood!

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our Parts?  
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,  
And sit and warm our Hearts.

Then shall our active Spirits move,  
Upward our Souls shall rise;  
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love,  
We'll fly and take the Prize.

### H Y M N XCVI.

CHRIST'S Righteousness imputed to  
Believers.

**H**APPY he who e'er believes  
The Embassy of Peace,  
Who at Jesu's Hand receives  
The Gift of Righteousness:  
God is his Salvation's God,  
The Lord is his Almighty Shield;  
He with Grace shall be endow'd,  
And then with Glory fill'd.

Did the Sin of Adam slay,  
 And ruin all his Race?  
 Jesus takes our Sins away,  
 By suff'ring in our Place:  
 He perform'd what God requir'd,  
 And answer'd all the Law demands;  
 In his Righteousness attir'd,  
 The true Believer stands.

Moses, at a Distance, saw  
 This Righteousness divine;  
 In the Volume of the Law,  
 How clearly doth it shine!  
 Holy Men, and Prophets old,  
 Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb,  
 Of his Righteousness foretold,  
 And trusted in the same.

How perversely did the Jews  
 His Righteousness discard!  
 Shall we then his Love abuse,  
 And slight his great Reward?  
 Of the Law he is the End,  
 And after we have done our best,  
 On his Grace we must depend,  
 And in his Merits rest.

What a Mystery of Love  
 In God's Designs appears!  
 Jesus coming from above,  
 Our Sin and Torment bears:  
 God imputes Man's Sins to him;  
 Imputes to Man his Righteousness;  
 Guilty he doth Christ esteem,  
 And guiltless us confess.

God's

## H Y M N XCVII.

God's Condescention to our Worship.

**T**HY Favours, Lord, surprize our Souls ;  
 Will the Eternal dwell with us ?  
 What can'st thou find beneath the Poles,  
 To tempt thy Chariot downward thus ?

Still might he fill his starry Throne,  
 And please his Ears with Gabriel's Songs ;  
 But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,  
 And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God ! what poor Returns we pay,  
 For Love so infinite as thine ?  
 Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay ;  
 But thy Compassion's all divine.

## H Y M N XCVIII.

The same.

**U**P to the Lord, that reigns on high,  
 And views the Nations from afar,  
 Let everlasting Praises fly,  
 And tell how large his Bounties are.

He that can shake the Worlds he made,  
 Or with his Word, or with his Rod,  
 His Goodness, how amazing great !  
 And what a condescending God !

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour  
 Into the Bosom of our God ;  
 He hears us in the mournful Hour,  
 And helps us bear the heavy Load.

Oh ! could our thankful Hearts devise  
 A Tribute equal to thy Grace,  
 To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise,  
 And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

# H Y M N XCIX.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

**C**OME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,  
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love  
 In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly Toys;  
 Our Souls how heavily they go  
 To reach eternal Joys!

In vain we tune our formal Songs;  
 In vain we strive to rise;  
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,  
 And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying Rate;  
 Our Love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great?

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

The



## HYMNIC

The same.

**T**O praise redeeming Love,  
 Dear Christians, lend a Voice;  
 Come thou diviner Dove,  
 And help us to rejoice!  
 Our Hearts, too low,  
 Lord, thou canst raise;  
 Blest Spirit, blow,  
 And we shall praise.

Here, Lord, may we admire  
 The Riches of thy Grace,  
 'Till thou shalt call us higher,  
 There to behold thy Face:  
 Oh Height of Grace!  
 Oh Depth of Love!  
 Lord, fit us for  
 Our Place above.

Who can thy Love express?  
 Thy Mercy ne'er decays!  
 What can our Souls do less  
 Than love thee all our Days?  
 Bless God each Soul,  
 Even unto Death;  
 And write a Song  
 For every Breath.

Praise

H Y M N C I.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

**L**ET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy Grace;  
But our loud Songs shall still record  
The Wonders of thy Praise.

We raise our Shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy Throne;  
All Glory to th' united three,  
The undivided one.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his Name)  
That form'd us by a Word;  
'Tis he restores our ruin'd Frame,  
Salvation to the Lord!

Hosanna! let the Earth and Skies  
Repeat the joyful Sound;  
Rocks, Hills, and Vales reflect the Voice  
In one eternal Round.

H Y M N C II.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

**B**EGIN, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,  
And speak some boundless Thing,  
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,  
Of our Eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,  
And sound his Pow'r abroad,

Sing

Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,  
And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched dying Men;  
His Hand hath writ the sacred Word  
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass,  
The mighty Promise shines;  
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze  
Those everlasting Lines.

O might we hear thine heav'nly Tongue  
But whif ~~thou~~ art mine!  
Those gen ~~should~~ raise our Song  
To Notes amost divine.

How would our leaping Hearts rejoice,  
And think our Heav'n secure!  
Give us to hear thy gracious Voice,  
And Faith desires no more.

### H Y M N CIII.

Resurrection of Christ.

**B**LESS'D Morning, whose young dawning  
Rays  
Beheld our rising God;  
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,  
And leave his last Abode!

In the cold Prison of a Tomb,  
The dead Redeemer lay,  
'Till the revolving Skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed Day.

Hell

Hell and the Grave unite their Force,  
To hold our God in vain ;  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble Chain.

To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,  
These sacred Hours we pay,  
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim  
The Triumph of the Day.

Salvation and immortal Praise,  
To our victorious King ;  
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,  
With glad Hosannas ring.

# H Y M N

Praise to the Redeemer.

**P**LUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,  
We wretched Sinners lay,  
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,  
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless Grief ;  
He saw, and (O amazing Love !)  
He ran to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,  
With joyful Haste he fled,  
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,  
And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh ! for this Love let Rocks and Hills  
Their lasting Silence break,

And

And all harmonious human Tongues  
The Saviour's Praises speak.

Angels assist our mighty Joys,  
Strike all your Harps of Gold;  
But when you raise your highest Notes  
His Love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CV.

Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

**C**OME, all harmonious Tongues,  
Your noblest Music bring;  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our Flesh,  
To take away our Guilt;  
Sing the dear Drops of sacred Blood,  
That hellish Monsters spilt,

Down to the Shades of Death  
He bow'd his awful Head;  
Yet he arose to live and reign,  
When Death itself is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,  
The Cross and Nails no more;  
For Hell itself shakes at his Name,  
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits,  
High on the Father's Throne;  
The Father lays his Vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.

The



## H Y M N CVI:

## The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

**O**H the Delights, the heav'nly Joys,  
 The Glories of the Place,  
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams  
 Of his o'erflowing Grace!

Sweet Majesty and awful Love,  
 Sit smiling on his Brow,  
 And all the glorious Ranks above  
 At humble Distance bow.

His Head, the dear majestic Head,  
 That cruel Thorns did wound,  
 See what immortal Glories shine,  
 And circle it around!

This is the Man, th'exalted Man,  
 Whom we, unseen, adore;  
 But when our Eyes behold his Face,  
 Our Hearts shall love him more.

Lord, set our Spirits all on Fire  
 To see thy bless'd Abode;  
 And tune our Tongues to sing the Praise  
 Of our incarnate God!

## H Y M N CVII.

Look on him whom they pierced, and  
 mourn.

**I**NFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!  
 Behold our bleeding Lord;  
 Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death,  
 And us'd the Roman Sword.

Oh

Oh the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain,  
 Our dear Redeemer bore,  
 When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,  
 His sacred Body tore !

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,  
 In vain do we accuse ;  
 In vain we blame the Roman Bands,  
 And the more spiteful Jews.

'Twere you, our Sins, our cruel Sins,  
 His chief Tormentors were ;  
 Each of our Crimes became a Nail,  
 And Unbelief the Spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance down  
 Upon his guiltless Head :  
 Break, break, our Hearts, oh burst these Eyes,  
 And let our Sorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty Grace, each flinty Soul,  
 'Till melting Waters flow,  
 And deep Repentance drown our Eyes  
 In undissembled Woe.

## H Y M N CVIII.

The same.

**A** LAS ! and did our Saviour bleed ?  
 And did our Sov'reign die ?  
 Would he devote that sacred Head  
 For such a Worm as I ?

Was it for Crimes that I had done,  
 He groan'd upon the Tree ?  
 Amazing Pity ! Grace unknown,  
 And Love beyond Degree.

I

Well

Well might the Sun in Darkneſs hide,  
 And ſhut his Glories in,  
 When God the mighty Maker dy'd,  
 For Man the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my bluſhing Face,  
 While his dear Croſs appears;  
 Diſſolve my Heart in Thankfulneſs,  
 And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay  
 The Debt of Love I owe;  
 May I here give myſelf away!  
 'Tis all that I can do.

## H Y M N CIX.

The ſame.

**I**S there a Thing beneath the Sky,  
 Can Comfort bring, or ſatisfy,  
 But our dear Saviour's Wounds?  
 Here is a ſweet and conſtant Peace,  
 A Treſure full of richeſt Grace,  
 All elſe are empty Sounds.

Attend, my Soul, ſink down with Shame  
 Before his Face, who only came  
 To ſuffer, bleed, and die;  
 O think upon thy Sin, and Guilt,  
 For which his precious Blood was ſpilt,  
 Thou didſt him crucify.

See, thou vile Piece of ſinful Duſt,  
 Thy deareſt Lord ſweat for thy Luſt,  
 'Till Drops of Blood fall down!  
 See how he yonder proſtrate lies!  
 Obſerve his mournful Pray'r and Cries,  
 Mark every Tear and Groan.

See

See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a Thief,  
Amidst Contempt, and Stripes, and Grief,  
For thee a Sacrifice:

Fasten'd unto the shameful Wood,  
Despis'd by Men, and bath'd in Blood;  
So dear thy Ransom Price!

Lord, did'st thou suffer thus for me?

Did'st thou feel all this Misery

To give me Life and Peace?

Then let me bear it on my Heart,

My All is purchas'd with thy Smart,

Thy Blood signs my Release.

## H Y M N CX.

Distinguishing Love; or Angels punish'd,  
and Man saved.

**D**OWN headlong from the native Skies  
The Rebel Angels fell;  
And Thunder-Bolts of flaming Wrath  
Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

Down from the Top of earthly Bliss  
Rebellious Man was hurl'd;  
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave,  
To reach a sinking World.

Oh Love of infinite Degrees!  
Unmeasurable Grace!

Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die,  
To save a trait'rous Race?

Must Angels sink for ever down,  
And burn in quenchless Fire;  
While God forsakes his shining Throne  
To raise us Wretches higher?

Oh for this Love, let Earth and Skies  
 With Hallelujahs ring,  
 And the full Choir of human Tongues  
 All Hallelujahs sing !

## H Y M N CXI.

## CHRIST'S Commission.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God  
 With new melodious Songs ;  
 Come, tender to Almighty Grace  
 The Tributes of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love  
 That pity'd dying Men,  
 The Father sent his equal Son,  
 To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd  
 With a revenging Rod ;  
 No hard Commission to perform  
 The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,  
 And Wrath forsook the Throne,  
 When Christ on the kind Errand came,  
 And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,  
 And wipe your Sorrows dry ;  
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,  
 And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, melt down our Souls  
 T' accept thine offer'd Grace ;  
 Then will we bless the Saviour's Love,  
 And give the Father Praise.

The



## H Y M N CXII.

The same.

**R**AISE your triumphant Songs  
 To an immortal Tune;  
 Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds  
 Celestial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love  
 Its chief Beloved chose,  
 And bid him raise our wretched Race  
 From their Abyfs of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,  
 Nor Terror cloaths his Brow;  
 No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls  
 To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,  
 And Wrath stood silent by,  
 When Christ was sent with Pardons down  
 To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,  
 Let hopeless Sorrow cease;  
 Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,  
 And take the offer'd Peace.

Lord, we obey the Call;  
 We lay an humble Claim  
 To the Salvation thou hast brought,  
 And love and praise thy Name.

## H Y M N CXIII.

Behold I stand at the Door and knock, &c.

**W**E magnify thy Grace, O Lord ;  
 How plenteously hast thou prepar'd  
 A Supper for thy Saints !  
 All Things are ready, thou hast said,  
 A Table thou hast richly spread,  
 To answer all our Wants.

Now, Lord, allure our Souls to thee,  
 O kindly bid us come and see,  
 And taste how good thou art ;  
 Knock with the Hammer of thy Word,  
 Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,  
 Lord, break into each Heart.

Darkness and Unbelief remove,  
 And ravish all our Souls with Love,  
 Cast out the Pow'r of Sin ;  
 Jesus, attend our feeble Pray'r,  
 And for thy self our Hearts prepare,  
 Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,  
 Like Rivers flow, and still increase,  
 Unto the Ocean driv'n :  
 Lord, condescend to sup with me,  
 And grant I now may sup with thee,  
 And sup at last in Heav'n.

H Y M N

## H Y M N CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of  
G O D.

**A** N D are we Wretches yet alive?  
And do we yet rebel?

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,  
That bears us up from Hell.

The Burden of our weighty Guilt  
Would sink us down to Flames,  
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,  
To crush our feeble Frames.

Almighty Goodness cries, Forbear,  
And strait the Thunder stays:  
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,  
And weary out his Grace?

Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,  
Too long indulg'd our Sin;  
Oh that our Hearts may bleed, to see  
What Rebels we have been!

No more, our Lusts, may ye command,  
No more may we obey!  
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,  
And drive thy Foes away.

## H Y M N CXV.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

**C** O M E, let us lift our joyful Eyes  
Up to the Courts above,

And

And smile to see our Father there,  
Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,  
And shot devouring Flame;  
Our God appear'd consuming Fire,  
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the Drops of Jesu's Blood,  
That calm'd his frowning Face,  
That sprinkled o'er the burning Throne,  
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

Now we may bow before his Feet,  
And venture near the Lord;  
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,  
No double-flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliss  
Are open'd by the Son;  
High let us raise our Notes of Praise,  
And reach th' almighty Throne.

To thee ten thousand Thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high;  
And Glory to th' eternal King,  
That lays his Fury by.

## H Y M N CXVI.

### The Darknes of PROVIDENCE.

**L**ORD, we adore thy vast Designs,  
Th' obscure Abyss of Providence,  
Too deep to sound with mortal Lines,  
Too dark to view with feeble Sense.

Now

Now thou array'st thine awful Face,  
In angry Frowns, without a Smile;  
Saints thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,  
Secure of thy Compassion still.

Through Seas and Storms of deep Distress,  
They sail by Faith, and not by Sight;  
Faith guides them in the Wilderness,  
Thro' all the Briars of the Night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod  
Resolve to scourge us here below,  
Still we must lean upon our God,  
Thine Arm shall bear us safely thro'.

# H Y M N CXVII.

The Priesthood of CHRIST.

**B**LOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies,  
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries:  
But the dear Stream, when Christ was slain,  
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.

Pardon and Peace, from God on high;  
Behold, he lays his Vengeance by;  
And Rebels that deserve his Sword,  
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our Praises rise,  
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice;  
Now he appears before our God,  
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.



## H Y M N CXVIII.

The Benefit of Publick Ordinances.

**A**WAY from ev'ry mortal Care,  
 Away from Earth our Souls retreat;  
 We leave this worthless World afar,  
 And wait and worship near thy Seat.

Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace,  
 We see thy Feet, and we adore;  
 We gaze upon thy lovely Face,  
 And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

While here our various Wants we mourn,  
 United Groans ascend on high;  
 And Prayer bears a quick Return  
 Of Blessings in Variety.

Father, our Souls would still abide  
 Within thy Temple, near thy Side;  
 But if our Feet must hence depart,  
 Still keep thy Dwelling in my Heart.

## H Y M N CXIX.

Infant-Baptism.

**T**HUS did the Sons of Abr'hams pass  
 Under the bloody Seal of Grace;  
 The young Disciples bore the Yoke,  
 'Till Christ the painful Bondage broke.

By milder Ways doth Jesus prove  
 His Father's Cov'nant and his Love:  
 He seals to Saints his glorious Grace;  
 And not forbids their Infant-Race.

Their

Their Seed is sprinkled with his Blood,  
 Their Children set apart for God;  
 His Spirit on their Offspring shed,  
 Like Water pour'd upon the Head.

Let ev'ry Saint with chearful Voice  
 In this large Covenant rejoice;  
 Young Children, in their early Days,  
 Shall give the God of Abr'ham Praise.

# H Y M N CXX.

The Offices of CHRIST.

**W**E bless the Prophet of the Lord,  
 That comes with Truth and Grace;  
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word,  
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,  
 Who offer'd up his Blood,  
 And lives to carry on his Love,  
 By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King;  
 How sweet are his Commands!  
 He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin,  
 By his Almighty Hands.

Hosanna to his glorious Name,  
 Who saves by diff'rent Ways!  
 His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim  
 To our immortal Praise.

## H Y M N CXXI.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

**N**OT all the Blood of Beasts  
 On Jewish Altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,  
 Or wash away the Stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
 Takes all our Sins away;  
 A Sacrifice of nobler Name,  
 And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay her Hand  
 On that dear Head of thine,  
 While like a Penitent I stand,  
 And there confess my Sin.

My Soul looks back to see  
 The Burdens thou didst bear,  
 When hanging on the cursed Tree,  
 And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the Curse remove;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful Voice,  
 And sing his bleeding Love.

God

## HYMN CXXII.]

God reconciled in CHRIST:

**D**EAREST of all the Names above,  
 Our Jesus and our God,  
 Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,  
 Or trifle with thy Blood?

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death,  
 The Father smiles again;  
 'Tis by thine interceding Breath  
 The Spirit dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Flesh I see,  
 My Thoughts no Comfort find;  
 The holy, just, and sacred three  
 Are Terrors to my Mind.

But if Emmanuel's Face appear,  
 My Hope, my Joy begins;  
 His Name forbids my slavish Fear,  
 His Grace removes my Sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,  
 And Greeks of Wisdom boast,  
 I love th'incarnate Mystery,  
 And there I fix my Trust.

## H Y M N CXXIII.

For New Year's Day.

**T**HE Lord of Earth and Sky,  
 The God of Ages praise,  
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
 Ancient of endless Days;  
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,  
 And spares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,  
 We cumber'd long the Ground,  
 No Fruit of Holiness  
 On our dead Souls was found;  
 Yet doth he us in Mercy spare,  
 Another, and another Year.

When Justice bar'd the Sword  
 To cut the Fig-Tree down,  
 The Pity of our Lord  
 Cry'd, Let it still alone.  
 The Father mild inclines his Ear,  
 And spares us yet another Year.

Jesus, thy speaking Blood  
 From God obtain'd the Grace,  
 Who therefore hath bestow'd  
 On us a longer Space:  
 Thou didst in our Behalf appear,  
 And lo, we see another Year!

Then dig about our Root,  
 Break up our fallow Ground,  
 And let our gracious Fruit  
 To thy great Praise abound:

O let



O let us all thy Praise declare,  
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

## H Y M N CXXIV.

## Adult-Baptism.

**D**ESCEND, celestial Dove,  
In ev'ry Bosom dwell;  
Upon the present Water move,  
While we the Influence feel.

Anoint with holy Fire,  
Baptize with purging Flames  
This Soul, and with thy Grace inspire,  
In ceaseless living Streams.

Thy heav'nly Unction give,  
Thy Promise, Lord, fulfil,  
Give Pow'r thy Spirit to receive,  
And Strength to do thy Will.

Thy Ord'nance we obey,  
O meet us in the same;  
And with this Water now convey  
The Virtues of thy Name.

Witness to this thy Sign,  
And grant the inward Grace;  
Let this thy Servant seal'd for thine,  
From hence depart in Peace.

## H Y M N CXXV.

## Humiliation.

**L**ORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;

Sprung from the Man, whose guilty Fall  
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,  
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;  
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

Behold, we fall before thy Face,  
Our only Refuge is thy Grace;  
No outward Forms can make us clean,  
The Leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, our God, thy Blood alone  
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone;  
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,  
And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice.

# H Y M N CXXVI.

The same.

**L**ORD, we would spread our sore Distress  
And Guilt before thine Eyes;  
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace,  
How high our Crimes arise!

Shou'dst thou condemn our Souls to Hell,  
And crush our Flesh to Dust,  
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,  
And Earth must own it just.

Cleanse us, O Lord, and cheer each Soul  
With thy forgiving Love;  
O make our broken Spirits whole,  
And bid our Pains remove.

Let

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Let not thy Spirit quite depart,  
Nor drive us from thy Face,  
Create a-new our vicious Heart,  
And fill them with thy Grace.

## H Y M N CXXVII.

At the Death of a Believer.

**W**H Y do we mourn departing Friends,  
Or shake at Death's Alarms?  
'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as Time can move?  
Why should we with the Hours more flow  
That keep us from our Love?

Why should we tremble to convey  
Their Bodies to the Tomb?  
There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a sweet Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he bless'd,  
And soften'd every Bed;  
Where should the dying Members rest  
But with their dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And shew'd our Feet the Way;  
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly  
At the great rising Day.

## H Y M N CXXVIII.

## Funeral.

**T**EACH me the Measure of my Days,  
 Thou Maker of my Frame;  
 I would survey Life's narrow Space,  
 And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boast,  
 An Inch or two of Time;  
 Man is but Vanity and Dust  
 In all his Flower and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,  
 Like Shadows o'er the Plain,  
 They rage, and strive, desire and love,  
 But all their Noise is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,  
 Some dig for golden Ore;  
 They toil for Heirs they know not who,  
 And strait are seen no more.

We are but Strangers here below,  
 As all our Fathers were;  
 May we be well prepar'd to go,  
 When we the Summons hear!

## H Y M N CXXIX.

## The same.

**M**Y Soul, come meditate the Day,  
 And think how near it stands,

When

When thou must quit this House of Clay,  
And fly to unknown Lands:

Oh could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their Stead !  
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the Dead.

Then should we see the Saints above  
In their own glorious Forms,  
And wonder why our Souls should love  
To dwell with mortal Worms.

# H Y M N CXXX.

O come let us sing unto the Lord.

**D**ISCIPLES of Christ,  
Ye Friends of the Lamb,  
Attend and assist  
In singing his Fame :  
Eternal Thanksgiving  
The Faithful should pay,  
The living, the living,  
As we do this Day.

A Body of Clay  
He humbly put on,  
And then took away  
The Sin we had done :  
And in it endured  
The Wrath to us due,  
The Curse we incurred,  
Our Stripes and our Woe.



Nor only he died,  
 But also arose,  
 Laid Weakness aside,  
 And over his Foes  
 (Sin, Death, and the Devil)  
 He triumphed o'er,  
 And every Evil,  
 Dominion and Pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,  
 Who sit'st on the Throne,  
 We bow at thy Name,  
 We count thee alone  
 Deserving our Blessing,  
 And Blessing we'll give,  
 Without ever ceasing  
 So long as we live.

## H Y M N CXXXI.

For the fifth of November.

**S**HOUL to the Lord, and let our Joys  
 Thro' the whole Nation run;  
 Ye British Skies, resound the Noise  
 Beyond the rising Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,  
 Thee our glad Voices sing,  
 And join with the celestial Choir  
 To praise th' eternal King.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,  
 And on the starry Skies  
 Sits smiling at the weak Designs  
 Thine envious Foes devise.

Thy

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,  
 And with an awful Frown  
 Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,  
 And shakes their Babel down.

Almighty Grace defends our Land  
 From their malicious Pow'r;  
 Let Britain with united Songs  
 Almighty Grace adore.

## H Y M N CXXXII.

A Song of Praise to GOD from Great  
 Britain.

**N**ATURE with all her Pow'r shall sing  
 God the Creator and the King;  
 Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,  
 Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

Begin to make his Glories known,  
 Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne;  
 Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound  
 To the Creation's utmost Bound.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame  
 Exert your Force, and own his Name;  
 Whilst with our Souls and with our Voice  
 We sing his Honours and our Joys.

He builds and guards the British Throne,  
 And makes it gracious like his own;  
 Makes our successive Princes kind,  
 And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raise monumental Praises high  
 To him that thunders thro' the Sky;  
 The strongest Notes that Angels raise  
 Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

At

At Dismission.

**N**O farther go To-night, but stay,  
 Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day ;  
 Turn in, dear Lord, with me ;  
 And in the Morning when I wake,  
 Me in thine Arms, my Jesus, take,  
 And I'll go on with thee.

The same.

**I** Will lay me down to sleep,  
 And safely take my Rest ;  
 Me commend to Jesu's Grace,  
 And as upon his Breast,  
 So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,  
 While Troops of Angels are my Guard ;  
 O, my Shepherd, love and keep,  
 And be my great Reward.

The same.

**N**ONE but Jesus will we sing,  
 None else will we adore ;  
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 Shall be for evermore.  
 None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,  
 Nor one on Earth, our Praise may claim ;  
 None but Jesus call we ours,  
 None but the bleeding Lamb !

Gloria

Gloria Patri.

**P**RAISE God, from whom all Blessings flow,  
Praise him all Creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God whom we adore,  
Be Glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

**F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God whom we adore ;  
Join we with the heav'nly Host  
To praise thee evermore.  
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,  
Three in one, and one in three,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
All Glory be to thee.

**S**ING we to our God above,  
Praise, eternal as his Love :  
Praise him, all ye heav'nly Host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**T**O God who reigns enthron'd on high,  
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,  
Our Guilt and Mis'ry to remove,  
To that blest Sp'rit who Life imparts,  
Who rules in all believing Hearts,  
Be endless Glory, Praise, and Love.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be Praise amidst the heav'nly Host,  
And in the Church below;  
From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,  
By whom Redemption blest the Earth,  
From whom all Comforts flow.

**G**IVE to the Father Praise,  
Give Glory to the Son,  
And to the Spirit of his Grace  
Be equal Honour done.

**T**O God the Father's Throne,  
Perpetual Honours raise;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit Praise;  
With all our Pow'rs,  
Eternal King,  
Thy Name we sing,  
While Faith adores.



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# H Y M N S

FOR

SOCIETY, and Persons meet-  
ing in Christian-Fellowship.

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## H Y M N I.

For SOCIETY.

**W**HO can have greater Cause to sing,  
Who greater Cause to bless,  
Than we the Children of the King,  
Than we who Christ possess,  
*Than we who Christ possess,*  
*Than we who Christ possess?*

With Angel-Hosts, dear Lamb, we join  
To praise thy Love and Pow'r,  
To magnify thy Grace divine,  
Thou mighty Counsellor,  
*Thou mighty Counsellor,*  
*Thou mighty Counsellor!*

L

We

We late were Satan's Captives led;  
 And Hell had been our End,  
 Hadst thou not for our Pardon bled,  
 Thou Sinners only Friend,  
*Thou Sinners only Friend,*  
*Thou Sinners only Friend.*

For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,  
 Nor shall our Praises cease;  
 We evermore will sing that Song,  
 The Lord our Righteousness,  
*The Lord our Righteousness,*  
*The Lord our Righteousness.*

No other God we know but thee,  
 None else did us create;  
 Thy Glory may we ever be,  
 O holy Advocate:  
*O holy Advocate,*  
*O holy Advocate.*

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take  
 The Mediator's Place,  
 When we the Father's Statutes brake,  
 All hail thou Prince of Peace!  
*All hail thou Prince of Peace!*  
*All hail thou Prince of Peace!*

We daily prove thee still the same,  
 Whene'er our Need we see;  
 Thou bearest still a Saviour's Name,  
 Our Saviour thou shalt be!  
*Our Saviour thou shalt be!*  
*Our Saviour thou shalt be!*

No

No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,  
 Shall us from thee divide ;  
 Strongly we hold that precious Faith,  
 For us our Saviour dy'd,  
*For us our Saviour dy'd,*  
*For us our Saviour dy'd.*

## H Y M N II.

## The Pilgrim's Song.

**R** I S E, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,  
 Thy better Portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory Things,  
 Tow'rd's Heav'n, thy native Place.  
 Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this Earth remove ;  
 Rise, my Soul, and haste away  
 To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their Course ;  
 Fire ascending seeks the Sun,  
 Both speed them to their Source :  
 So a Soul that's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious Face,  
 Upwards tends to his Abode,  
 To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the Prize ;  
 Soon our Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the Skies :

Yet a Season and you know  
 Happy Entrance will be giv'n,  
 All our Sorrows left below,  
 And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

## H Y M N III.

Calling to follow J E S U S.

**C**OME, my Father's Family,  
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord;  
 Come, ye Sinners, who with me  
 Are ev'ry where abhorr'd;  
 Let us gladly trace his Steps,  
 Who suffer'd Death among the Jews,  
 Who the friendless Soul accepts,  
 Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,  
 Our Master let us own,  
 He the Sacrifice for Sin,  
 The Saviour he alone:  
 Let us take and bear his Cross,  
 Despis'd Disciples let us be;  
 Mock'd and slighted, as he was  
 For you, my Friends, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,  
 None else will we adore;  
 He our Prophet, Priest and King,  
 Shall be for evermore:  
 None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,  
 Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim,  
 None but Jesus call we ours,  
 None but the bleeding Lamb!

The

## H. Y. M. N. IV.

The same.

**C**OME, ye Lovers of the Lamb,  
Join in publishing his Fame;  
Let the whole Society  
Sing our Saviour's Clemency.

Who like us so favour'd are?  
We the Lord's peculiar Care?  
We the precious Stones of God,  
Dearly purchas'd by his Blood:

Who can make their Boast like us?  
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus?  
We can boast, for we are made  
Kings and Priests in Christ our Head.

Jesus (when we all were poor)  
Out of Love's eternal Store  
Gave to each of us a Crown,  
Gave us Mansions on his Throne.

Neither leaves us desolate,  
While we're in our Pilgrim-State;  
Here he talks with us, and we  
Him by Faith's Perspective see.

Him we commune with by Pray'rs,  
Well perswaded he us hears;  
Sure we do not pray in vain,  
He kind Answers gives again.

Best of Friends the Lord we prove,  
He ne'er changes in his Love;



Faithful, gracious, good, the same  
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we sing to thee,  
High exalted Deity;  
Bless we thee, eternal Son,  
Glory be to thee alone!

## H Y M N V.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec.

**T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of thee;  
No Music like thy charming Name  
Ne'er half so sweet can be.  
O may we ever hear thy Voice  
In Mercy to us speak,  
And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,  
While in this World we stay,  
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely Name,  
When all Things else decay:  
When we appear in yonder Cloud,  
With all his favour'd Throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our Song.

## H Y M N VI.

Peace of God's Children.

**L**OVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,  
Author of our Unity,

Making

Making Wars and Jarrings cease,  
 Causing Men, tho' Foes, t'agree,  
 Kindly rule in us;  
 Make us happily go on,  
 Helping each to bear his Cross,  
 Stedfast 'till our Work is done.

Let us, like a Flock of Sheep,  
 Close together persevere,  
 True by one another keep,  
 Each esteeming very dear,  
 Altogether move;  
 Truly subject be the whole,  
 Bound in Bands of truest Love,  
 One in Heart, and Mind, and Soul.

May we all one Faith maintain,  
 One sole Doctrine witness too,  
 Christ the Lord our God was slain,  
 Slain for us, and this is true,  
 He will ours abide;  
 He will our dear Portion be,  
 He who on Mount Calvary dy'd,  
 Jesus, Jesus, only he!

Strive we who shall love the most,  
 Who shall most in Faith excel,  
 Who can of the Saviour boast,  
 Who can most of Jesus tell:  
 This employ us all:  
 Daily this contend we for,  
 Daily 'till the Lamb shall call,  
 Prosp'ring daily more and more.

Let us Hand in Hand proceed,  
 Little loving Children be,

Dead

Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,  
 But alive, dear Lamb, to thee;  
 So continue firm;  
 While beneath us thou wilt lay  
 Thy eternal out-stretch'd Arm,  
 'Till we wake in endless Day.

## H Y M N VII.

Sitting under CHRIST's Shadow.

**B**LOOD of Jesu's Wounds, how good  
 Sounds it in our Ears and Hearts!  
 Nothing, surely, like that Blood,  
 Can such solid Bliss impart:  
 Oh 'tis most divine!  
 Weary Sinners hither fly,  
 Laden with their crimson Sin,  
 This blots out the dreadful Dye.

You who have the Law obey'd,  
 You who Righteousness t' attain,  
 Earnestly by Works assay'd,  
 But have found your Strife in vain,  
 Turn you to Christ's Blood,  
 Thither look, and you no more  
 Shall lament an absent God,  
 Nor your dreadful State deplore.

Who so after Rest enquires,  
 Let him to this Blood approach;  
 Who so truly Peace desires,  
 Jesu's Blood affordeth much:  
 Be persuaded then;  
 Lift ye up your downcast Eyes,  
 See the Saviour bleeding slain,  
 There thy Rest, poor Sinner, is.

Here

Here may we take up our Place,  
Here for ever happy be !

Here wrap up our blushing Face,  
Seeking nought beside to see !

Here we now sit down,  
Trusting in his Blood, and prove  
What the Lord for us hath done !  
Who can fully tell his Love ?

## H Y M N VIII.

Te Deum, or Song of Praise.

## DIALOGUE.

**W**E sing to thee, thou Son of God,  
Who sav'd us by thy Grace;  
*We praise thee, Son of Man, whose Blood  
Redeem'd our fallen Race.*

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,  
Father ere time began ;  
*Thou art by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,  
Worthy o'er both to reign.*

To thee all Angels cry aloud,  
Thro' Heav'n's extended Coasts ;  
*Hail, holy, holy, holy God  
Of all immortal Hosts !*

The Cherubim and Seraphim  
Are always praising thee ;  
*The Worlds and all the Pow'rs therein  
Adore thy Majesty.*

The Prophets' goodly Fellowship,  
In milky Garments drest,  
*Praise thee, thou holy God, and reap  
The fulness of thy Rest.*

Th

Th' Apostles' glorious Company  
 Thy righteous Praise proclaim;  
*The martyr'd Army glorify  
 Thy everlasting Name.*

Thro' all the World thy Churches join  
 T' acknowledge thee the Head;  
*Father of Majesty divine,  
 Who ev'ry Pow'r hast made.*

Also thy true and only Son,  
 Thy Family confess;  
*King of thy Saints, to us made known,  
 The Lord our Righteousness.*

Also the Holy Ghost we praise,  
 The Spirit of the Lord,  
*The Comforter, whose kindling Rays  
 Our dying Souls restor'd.*

# H Y M N IX.

Holy Strife in praising CHRIST.

**R**ISE, O ye Seed of David, rise,  
 Daughters of Zion, sing;  
*Up, Sons of Jacob, Jesus praise,  
 Salute th' auspicious King.*

Our Souls arise, and may our Tongue  
 Be tun'd to praise the Lamb!  
*So ready be our ransom'd Throng  
 To magnify his Name.*

Why stay we then? the Lord extol,  
 Zion, break forth in Praise;  
*Join ev'ry heavenly-minded Soul  
 In pure seraphic Lays.*

Open



Open ye everlasting Doors,  
 Divide ye Gates of Bliss,  
*We with Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs,*  
*Praise Christ our Righteousness.*

## H Y M N X.

The same.

**L**ET us, the Sheep by Jesus nam'd,  
 Our Shepherd's Mercy bless;  
*Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,*  
*Shew forth our Thankfulness.*

Not unto us, to thee alone,  
 Bless'd Lamb, be Glory giv'n!  
*Here shall thy Praises be begun,*  
*But carried on in Heav'n.*

The Host of Spirits now with thee  
 Eternal Anthems sing;  
*To imitate them here, lo! we*  
*Our Hallelujahs bring.*

Had we our Tongues like them inspir'd,  
 Like theirs our Songs should rise;  
*Like them we never should be tir'd,*  
*But love the Sacrifice.*

'Till we the Veil of Flesh lay down,  
 Accept our weaker Lays;  
*And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,*  
*We'll join in nobler Praise.*

H Y M N XI.

Pilgrim's Hymn, a Dialogue.

**T**ELL us, O Women, we would know  
Whither so fast ye move?  
*We, call'd to leave the World below,  
Are seeking one above.*

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place  
That ye are trav'ling from?  
*From Tribulation, we, thro' Grace,  
Are now returning Home.*

Is not your Native Country here?  
Like you not this Abode?  
*We seek a better Country far,  
A City built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend  
Short of that Bliss to rest;  
*Nor we, 'till in the Sinners Friend  
Our weary Souls are blest'd.*

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,  
Saviour, we ask no more;  
*Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,  
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore!*

H Y M N XII.

Resting under the Cross.

**C**HILDREN of Isr'el, see what Shade  
The Cross does us afford;  
*It was for weary Trav'lers made,  
We thank thee for it, Lord.*

A while sit down, and we'll prepare

To sing his worthy Fame;  
*Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,*  
*Christ Jesus, in his Name.*

We sing thy Suff'rings, Wounds, and Blood,

The Virtue of thy Pain;

*We sing thy Grievs, thou dying God,*  
*Thou Lamb for Sinners slain.*

We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,

To thee we bow the Knee;

*Hail! very God, the promis'd Child,*  
*The Prophets sang of thee.*

While others praise an unknown God,

We each will sing of thee;

*Jesus has wash'd me in his Blood,*  
*And lov'd, and dy'd for me.*

## H Y M N XIII.

### General Praise to CHRIST.

**O**NCE slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,

We sing to thy eternal Name,

The whole Assembly join;

To yonder Harper's Harp we tune

Our solemn Songs, and round the Throne

We sing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society,

Mix with the happy Company

Of Christians gone before;

And as they bless Messiah's Blood,

We imitate their Song, and God

The holy Lamb adore.

Brethren and Sisters all agree  
 To sing he lov'd and dy'd for me;  
 I thank him for his Grace :  
 Quickly thy Chariot, Lord, send down,  
 To bear us to the wish'd for Throne,  
 Where we may see thy Face.  
 Or if thou here wouldst have us stay  
 A longer Space, lo! we obey;  
 Only let us be sure  
 That Heav'n is ours, die when we will,  
 And let thy Sp'rit be with us still,  
 And we'll desire no more.

## H Y M N XIV.

Privileges of God's Children.

**B**LESSED are the Sons of God,  
 They are bought with Christ's own Blood;  
 They are ransom'd from the Grave,  
 Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,  
 Long before the World begun;  
 They the Seal of this receive  
 When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by Grace,  
 They enjoy a solid Peace;  
 All their Sins are wash'd away,  
 They shall stand in God's great Day.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,  
 In the Works of Righteousness;  
 They are harmless, meek, and mild,  
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They

They are Lights upon the Earth,  
Children of a heav'nly Birth;  
Born of God, they hate all Sin,  
God's pure Seed remains within.

They have Fellowship with God,  
Thro' the Mediator's Blood;  
One with God, with Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they suffer much on Earth,  
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth;  
Yet they have an inwar'd Joy,  
Pleasure which can never cloy.

They alone are truly blest,  
Heirs of God, Joint Heirs with Christ;  
With them number'd may we be,  
Here and in Eternity.

## H Y M N XV.

Peace of Christianity, in a Dialogue.

**H**O Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be)  
We want to join with you;  
*Poor Christian-Travellers are we,  
To Canaan's Land we go.*

No Peace (though we have sought) we find  
In any Country here;  
*'Twas therefore we left all behind,  
Wealth, Name, and Character.*

We ne'er such Pleasure knew before,  
As now in him we know;



*Peace (since our Saviour's Cross we bore)  
Like Rivers in us flow;*

*Let others then delight them here,  
Their Trifles we despise;*

*The heav'nly Kingdom we prefer,*

*The Blifs of Paradife;*

*Then joyful let us journey on,*

*To certain Rest above;*

*Singing to him our golden Throne*

*Of free electing Love.*

### HYMN XVI.

**Glorifying God in Christ.**

### DIALOGUE.

**B**rethren sing,—'tis right you shou'd,  
Sing our Saviour's precious Blood;

*Daughters of Jerusalem,*

*Join we willingly the Theme.*

*Shout for Joy, ye happy Men,*

*Lo! for you the Lamb was slain;*

*Highly savour'd Women, praise*

*Jesus in celestial Lays.*

*Hail, redeeming Lamb, who late*

*Suffer'd Death without the Gate!*

*Hail! for thy Death and Cross,*

*Thou hast purchas'd Heaven for us.*

*None but Jesus will we sing,*

*None but Jesus, Israel's King;*

*None but Jesus will we laud,*

*None but Christ our Lord and God.*

**Worthy,**

Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou  
 Praise to have and Honour too;  
*Worthy thou of Bliss and Pow'r,*  
*Now, henceforth, and evermore.*

## H Y M N XVII.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

**C**OME we that love the Lord,  
 And let our Joys be known,  
 Join in a Song with sweet Accord,  
 And thus surround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind  
 Be banish'd from the Place;  
 Religion never was design'd  
 To make our Pleasures less.

The Men of Grace have found  
 Glory begun below:  
 Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground,  
 From Hope and Faith may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred Sweets,  
 Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,  
 Or walk the golden Streets.

Then let our Songs abound,  
 And ev'ry Tear be dry,  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground,  
 To fairer Worlds on high.

## H Y M N XVIII.

The Wisdom of God Foolishness with  
Men.

O Saviour, thou thy Myſteries  
Haſt often cover'd from the Wiſe,  
And Babes thy Glory ſhew'd;  
Thy Wiſdom far ſurpaſſes all  
What ſtudioſ Mortals Wiſdom call,  
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'ral Man can't right conceive  
The glorious Things which we believe,  
How thou did'ſt us redeem;  
The Things thy Spirit teaches us,  
The Merit of thy Blood and Croſs,  
Are Fooliſhneſs to him.

They this World's Wiſdom ſeek and gain,  
That Wiſdom which thou calleſt vain,  
But, Oh! are Strangers ſtill.  
To that which makes our Spirits wiſe,  
And ſets before our waiting Eyes  
What is our Saviour's Will.

Thrice happy then are we, who prove  
The Peace of God, his Truth and Love,  
Things freely to us giv'n;  
Theſe Earneſts are of greater Blis,  
The Earneſt of that Happineſs  
Which we ſhall have in Heav'n.

# HYMN XIX.

## The Triumph of Faith.

**H**EAD of the Church triumphant;  
 We joyfully adore thee;  
 Till thou appear,  
 Thy Members here  
 Shall sing like those in Glory:  
 We lift our Hearts and Voices,  
 With blest Anticipation,  
 And cry aloud,  
 And give to God  
 The Praise of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,  
 And passing thro' the Fire,  
 Thy Love we praise,  
 Which knows our Days,  
 And ever brings us nigher:  
 We clap our Hands exulting  
 In thine Almighty Favour,  
 The Love divine  
 Which made us thine  
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy People  
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation,  
 Nor will we fear,  
 Whilst thou art near,  
 The Fire of Tribulation.  
 The World with Sin and Satan  
 In vain our March opposes;  
 By thee we shall  
 Break thro' them all,  
 And sing the Song of Moses.

By

By Faith we see the Glory,  
To which thou shalt restore us,

The Cross despise

For that high Prize

Which thou hast set before us.

And if thou count us worthy,

We each, as dying Stephen,

Shall see thee stand

At God's right Hand,

To take us up to Heaven.

## H Y M N XX.

The same.

**R**EJOICE, the Lord is King!

Your Lord and King adore,

Mortals, give Thanks, and sing,

And triumph evermore :

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,

The God of Truth and Love,

When he had purg'd our Stains,

He took his Seat above.

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice,

His Kingdom cannot fail,

He rules o'er Earth and Heaven,

The Keys of Death and Hell

Are to our Jesus giv'n :

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He



He sits at God's right Hand,  
 Till all his Foes submit,  
 And bow to his Command,  
 And fall beneath his Feet,  
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.  
 Rejoice in glorious Hope,  
 Jesus the Judge shall come,  
 And take his Servants up  
 To their eternal Home:  
 We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice,  
 The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

## H Y M N XXI.

Little Children, love one another.

**G**IVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,  
 Meek Lamb-like Son of God,  
 Bid our unruly Passions cease,  
 O quench them with thy Blood.

Us into closest Union draw,  
 And in our inward Parts  
 Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,  
 Let Love command our Hearts.

O let thy Love our Hearts constrain,  
 Jesus the Crucify'd!  
 What hast thou done our Hearts to gain,  
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

Who would not now pursue the Way  
 Where Jesu's Footsteps shine!  
 Who would not own the pleasing Sway  
 Of Charity divine?

O let

O let us find the ancient Way,  
 Our wondring Foes to move,  
 And force the Heathen World to say,  
 " See how these Christians love !"

## H Y M N XXII.

The Communion of Saints.

## P A R T I.

**C**OME, and let us sweetly join  
 Christ to praise in Hymns divine;  
 Give we all with one Accord,  
 Glory to our Common Lord:  
 Strive we, in Affection strive,  
 Let the purer Flame revive,  
 Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,  
 Dying Champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesu's Name,  
 Now, as Yesterday the same;  
 One in ev'ry Age and Place,  
 Full of Love, of Truth, and Grace.  
 Christ is now gone up on high,  
 (Thither may our Wishes fly !)  
 Sits at God's Right-Hand above,  
 There with him we reign in Love !

## H Y M N XXIII.

## P A R T II.

**P**ARTNERS of a glorious Hope,  
 Lift your Hearts and Voices up;  
 Jointly let us rise and sing,  
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Monu-

Monuments of Jesu's Grace,  
 Speak we by our Lives his Praise;  
 Walk in him we have receiv'd,  
 Shew we not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in Light,  
 God our Hearts doth still unite;  
 Dearest Fellowship we prove,  
 Fellowship of Jesu's Love;  
 Sweetly each with each combin'd,  
 In the Bonds of Duty join'd,  
 Feels the cleansing Blood apply'd,  
 Daily feels that Christ hath dy'd.

Still, O Lord, our Faith increase,  
 Cleanse from all Unrighteousness;  
 Thee, th' unholy cannot see;  
 Make, O make us meet for thee!  
 Ev'ry vile Affection kill,  
 Free our Souls from ev'ry Ill;  
 Conquer ev'ry inbred Sin,  
 Write thy Law of Love within.

Hence may all our Actions flow,  
 Love the Proof that Christ we know;  
 Mutual Love the Token be,  
 Lord, that we belong to thee!  
 Love thy Image, Love impart,  
 Stamp it fully on each Heart;  
 Only Love to us be giv'n,  
 Lord, we ask no other Heav'n.

# H Y M N XXIV.

## PART III.

**F**ATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear  
 Faith's effectual, fervent Prayer;

Hear,

Hear, and our Petitions seal;

Let us now the Answer feel:

Myſtically one with thee,

Transcript of the Trinity;

Thee let all our Nature own;

One in three, and three in one.

Build us in one Body up;

Call'd in one high Calling's Hope;

One the Spirit whom we claim,

One the pure baptiſmal Flame,

One the Faith, and common Lord,

One the Father lives ador'd,

Over, thro', and in us all,

God incomprehenſible.

One with God, the Source of Blis,

Ground of our Communion this;

Life of all that live below,

Let thy Emanations flow;

Riſe eternal in our Heart,

Thou our only Eden art;

Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,

Be to us what Adam loſt.

## H Y M N XXV.

### P A R T IV.

**H**USBAND of thy Church below;

Chriſt, if thee our Lord we know,

Unto thee betroth'd in Love,

Always faithful let us prove,

Never rob thee of our Heart,

Never give the Creature part;

Only thou poſſeſs the Whole,

Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

Stedfaſt

Stedfast let us cleave to thee,  
 Love the mystic Union be;  
 Union to the World unknown,  
 Join'd to God, in Spirit one.  
 Wait we 'till the Spouse shall come,  
 'Till the Lamb shall take us Home;  
 For his Heav'n the Bride prepare,  
 Solemnize our Nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,  
 Thou art with thy Father one;  
 One with him in us be shew'd,  
 Very God of very God:  
 Sent our Spirits to unite,  
 Sent to make us Sons of Light,  
 Sent that we his Grace may prove,  
 All the Riches of his Love.

## H Y M N XXVI.

## P A R T V.

**C**H R I S T, from whom all Blessings flow,  
 Comforting thy Saints below,  
 Hear us, who thy Nature share,  
 Who thy mystic Body are;  
 Join us, in one Spirit join,  
 Let us still receive of thine,  
 Still for more on thee we call,  
 Thee who fillest all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,  
 Diverse Gifts to each divide;  
 Plac'd according to thy Will,  
 Let us all our Works fulfil;  
 Never from our Office move,  
 Needful to the others prove,



Use the Grace on each bestow'd,  
Temper'd by the blessed God.

Many are we now, and one,  
We who Jesus have put on:  
There is neither Bond nor Free,  
Male nor Female, Lord, in thee,  
Love, like Death, hath all destroy'd,  
Render'd all Distinctions void;  
Names and Seats, and Parties fall,  
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

## H Y M N XXVII.

## P A R T VI.

**K**ING of Saints, to whom are giv'n  
All in Earth, and all in Heav'n,  
Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,  
Join'd and gather'd into one:  
Heirs of Glory, Sons of Grace,  
Lo! to thee our Hopes we raise,  
Raise and fix our Hopes on thee,  
Full of Immortality.

Absent in our Flesh from Home,  
We are to Mount Sion come;  
Heaven is our Soul's Abode,  
City of the living God;  
Enter'd there our Seats we claim  
In the new Jerusalem;  
Join the countless Angel-Quire,  
Greet the First-born Sons of Fire.

We our Elder-Brethren meet,  
We are made with them to sit,

Sweetest

Sweetest Fellowship we prove,  
 With the general Church above;  
 Saints who now their Names behold,  
 In the Book of Life enroll'd,  
 Spirits of the Righteous, made  
 Perfect now in Christ their Head.

Life his healing Blood imparts,  
 Sprinkled on our peaceful Hearts;  
 Abel's Blood for Vengeance cry'd,  
 Jesus speaks us justify'd;  
 Speaks and calls for better Things,  
 Makes us Prophets, Priests, and Kings;  
 Asks that we with him may reign,  
 Earth and Heaven, say Amen.

## H Y M N XXVIII.

For Persons join'd in Fellowship.

**T**R Y us, O God, and search the Ground  
 Of every sinful Heart;

Whate'er of Sin in us is found,  
 O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,  
 Leave us not comfortless,

But guide our Feet into the Way  
 Of everlasting Peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,  
 Each other's Cross to bear;

Let each his friendly Aid afford,  
 And feel his Brother's Care.

Help us to build each other up,  
 Our little Stock improve,

Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,  
And perfect us in Love.

Then when the mighty Work is wrought,  
Receive the ready Bride;  
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,  
With all the Sanctified.

## H Y M N XXIX.

The same.

**J**ESUS Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy Name agree,  
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,  
Bid our Jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling Love,  
Every Stumbling-Block remove,  
Each to each unite, in dear,  
Come and spread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,  
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,  
Each his Brother's Burden bear,  
To thy Church the Pattern give,  
Shew how true Believers live.

Let us then with Joy remove  
To thy Family above,  
On the Wings of Angels fly,  
Shew how true Believers die.

## H Y M N XXX.

## At Meeting.

**B**LEST by Jesu's Providence,  
Lo! we meet again in Peace;  
May we, when we fly from hence,  
Meet in a more glorious Place!

When we once shall there arrive,  
Ever happy we shall reign;  
Ever with our Saviour live,  
'Midst a Host of perfect Men.

There shall Sorrow not intrude,  
Grief shall never there appear;  
Wash'd in our Redeemer's Blood,  
We shall stand made free from Fear.

Come, dear Fellows, joyful, come,  
Forward boldly let us press;  
Humbly let our Souls presume,  
Trust in Jesu's Righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd Hour,  
When the Family compleat,  
Borne on Clouds, and girt with Pow'r,  
In the House above shall meet.

Master, hasten on thy Day,  
Glorious to thy Judgment come!  
Call thy trav'ling Saints away,  
Lord, we long to be at Home!

## H Y M N XXXI.

At Parting.

**B**LEST be the dear uniting Love,  
That will not let us part;  
Our Bodies may far off remove,  
We still are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go,  
And still in Jesu's Footsteps tread,  
And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave,  
To his belov'd Embrace,  
Expect his Fulness to receive,  
And Grace to answer Grace.

But let us hasten to the Day  
Which shall our Flesh restore,  
When Death shall all be done away,  
And Bodies part no more.

## H Y M N XXXII.

Adoring CHRIST.

**W**ORTHY is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,  
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our  
Shame,

On



On God's eternal Throne to reign;  
For he for us, for us, was slain.

From ev'ry People, Land, and Tongue,  
He calls his royal conqu'ring Throng;  
Let all thy Hosts thy Grace confess,  
And call thee Lord our Righteousness.

We praise thee, thou whose Spirit rests  
On us thy Kings, on us thy Priests;  
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,  
And bought and ransom'd by his Blood.

Let every Spirit now with thee,  
And all on Earth and all on Sea,  
Thy Wisdom bless, and fill thy Throne  
With Worship due to thee alone.

Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine!  
And Strength and Majesty divine!  
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,  
The only everlasting Lord.

# H Y M N XXXIII.

The same.

**B**RETHREN, let us join to bless  
Jesus Christ, our Joy and Peace;  
Let our Praise to him be giv'n,  
High at God's Right-Hand in Heav'n!

Master, see to thee we bow,  
Thou art Lord, and only thou;  
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,  
Glory of thy Church and Head.

Thee

Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,  
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King;  
Worthy is thy Name of praise,  
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought  
Of Salvation by thee wrought;  
Wrought for all thy Church! and we  
Worship in their Company.

We, thy little Flock, adore  
Thee, the Lord for evermore!  
Ever with us, shew thy Love,  
'Till we join with those above!

## H Y M N XXXIV.

### Longing for the latter Day.

**H**OW many Years have we been driv'n  
Out from our Eden, from our heav'n?  
Lord, it is Time that thou restore  
Thy wand'ring Church, to roam no more.

Six thousand Years are nearly past  
Since Adam from thy Sight was cast;  
So long ago his fallen Race  
From Age to Age were void of Peace.

Pris'ners in Houses made of Clay,  
And out of Sight of heav'nly Day,  
They cannot chuse but daily mourn,  
'Till they from Banishment return.

When will the happy Trump proclaim  
The Judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?  
When shall the captive Troops be free,  
And keep th' eternal Jubilee!

Hasten,

Hasten, O God, in ev'ry Land,  
 Send thou thine Angels, and command;  
 Go sound Deliv'rance; loudly blow  
 Salvation to the Saints below !

We want to have the Day appear !  
 The promis'd great Sabbatic-Year.  
 When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,  
 Israel in ceaseless Peace shall dwell !

'Till then, we will not let thee rest,  
 Thou still shalt hear our strong Request ;  
 And this our daily Pray'r shall be,  
 Lord, sound the Trump of Jubilee !

### H Y M N XXXV.

All Nations shall serve him.

**S**AVIOUR King, assume thy Pow'r,  
 Thou that art the Conqueror;  
 Lead thy promis'd Glory on,  
 Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

Japhet's Isles do bless thy Name,  
 Let the West thy Worth proclaim;  
 Wash the Ethiopian clean ;  
 In the East new Signs be seen.

Great the Band of those be found,  
 Who proclaim the joyful Sound ;  
 Let it to thy Israel come,  
 Let it bring the Wand'ers Home.

To the Brightness of thy Face,  
 Fly in Troops the suppliant Race ;

Princes

Princes shall adorn the Train,  
Monarchs bow and bless thy Reign.

When like Lightning thro' the Skies,  
Will thy latter Glory rise?

When shall we behold thy Pow'r,

When salute th' accomplish'd Hour?

Quickly, Lord, thy Triumphs bring,

Tongues and Kindred wait to sing;

Then shall all the chosen Race

Shout aloud redeeming Grace. **Hallelujah.**

## H Y M N XXXVI.

### The Divine Sovereignty.

**O** UR God reigns, ye Lands, rejoice,  
Lift, ye Isles, a thankful Voice;

Every Throne by one controul'd,

Well secures the passive World.

Higher than the Sons of Pride,

He bids raging Waves subside;

Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,

The Whole centers to his Will.

How unfathomably wise,

Beauteous too his Counsel lies!

Ev'ry Way his Will is done,

Ev'ry Way his Justice shown.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,

All subserves his standing Word;

Satan lets, and Men object,

Yet the Thing they thwart, effect.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold;  
 Jesus will his kingdom hold;  
 Wheels encircling Wheels must run,  
 Each in Place to bring it on.

Blest is Faith, that trusts his Pow'r,  
 Blest are Saints that wait his Hour:  
 Haste, great Conqueror, bring it near,  
 Let the glorious Close appear. **Hallelujah:**

## H Y M N XXXVII.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

**C**OME, divine Emmanuel, come,  
 Take Possession of thy Home,  
 Now thy Mercy's Wing expand,  
 Stretch throughout the happy Land.

Carry on thy Victory,  
 Spread thy Rule from Sea to Sea,  
 Re-convert the ransom'd Race,  
 Save us, save us, Lord, by Grace.

O that ev'ry Soul might be  
 Suddenly subdu'd to thee!  
 O that all in thee might know  
 Everlasting Life below!

Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,  
 Stretch throughout the happy Land;  
 Take Possession of thy Home,  
 Come, divine Emmanuel, come!



## H Y M N XXXVIII.

## Rejoicing in Hope.

**C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,

As ye journey sweetly sing;

Sing your Saviour's worthy Praise,

Glorious in his Works and Ways!

We are trav'ling Home to God,

In the Way the Fathers trod;

They are happy now, and we

Soon their Happiness shall see.

O, ye banish'd Seed, be glad!

Christ our Advocate is made;

Us to save, our Flesh assumes,

Brother to our Souls becomes.

Shout, ye little Flock, and blest,

You on Jesu's Throne shall rest;

There your Seat is now prepar'd,

There your Kingdom and Reward.

Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand

On the Borders of your Land;

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,

Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,

Gladly leaving all below;

Only thou our Leader be,

And we still will follow thee

# S U P P L E M E N T.

## H Y M N XXXIX.

Breathing after Holiness.

**L** O V E divine, all Love excelling,  
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,  
All thy faithful Mercies crown.  
Jesus, thou art all Compassion,  
Pure unbounded Love thou art,  
Visit us with thy Salvation,  
Enter every trembling Heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,  
Into every troubled Breast,  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find thy promis'd Rest.  
Take away the Power of Sinning  
Alpha and Omega be,  
End of Faith, as its Beginning,  
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy Life receive,  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy Temples leave,  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy Hosts above,  
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy precious Love.

Finish then thy new Creation,  
Pure unspotted may we be,  
Let us see thy great Salvation,  
Perfectly restor'd by thee ;

O

Chang'd

Chang'd from Glory into Glory,  
'Till in Heav'n we take our Place,  
'Till we cast our Crowns before thee,  
Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.

# H Y M N XL.

## The Christian Soldier.

**S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your Armour on,  
Strong in the Strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son;  
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in his mighty Power,  
Who in the Strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than Conqueror.

Stand then in his great Might,  
With all his Strength endu'd,  
And take, to arm you for the Fight,  
The Panoply of God;  
That having all Things done,  
And all your Conflicts past,  
You may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

Jesus hath dy'd for you!  
What can his Love withstand?  
Believe; hold fast your Shield; and who  
Shall pluck you from his Hand?  
Believe that Jesus reigns,  
All Power to him is giv'n;  
Believe, 'till freed from Nature's Chains,  
You're call'd from hence to Heaven.

Your

Your Rock can never shake :  
 Hither, he saith, come up !  
 The Helmet of Salvation take,  
 The Confidence of Hope :  
 Hope for his perfect Love,  
 Hope for his promis'd Rest,  
 Hope to sit down with Christ above,  
 And share the Marriage Feast.

In Fellowship ; alone,  
 To God, with Faith draw near,  
 Approach his Courts, besiege his Throne,  
 With all the Pow'r of Pray'r :  
 Go to his Temple, go,  
 Nor from his Altar move ;  
 Let every House his Worship know,  
 And every Heart his Love.

From Strength to Strength go on,  
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,  
 Tread all the Pow'rs of Darkneſs down,  
 And win the well-fought Day ;  
 Still let the Spirit cry  
 In all his Soldiers, " Come,"  
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
 And takes the Conqu'rors Home.

## H Y M N XLI.

Panting after God.

**T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose Height,  
 Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man knows,  
 I see from far thy beauteous Light,  
 Inly I sigh for thy Repose.  
 My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At Rest, till it find Rest in thee.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,  
That strives with thee my Heart to share?  
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every Motion there:  
Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,  
When it has found Repose in thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may live!  
My vile Affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling Lust survive.  
In all Things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

O Love, thy sov'reign Aid impart,  
To save me from low-thoughted Care:  
Chase this Self-will through all my Heart,  
Through all its latent Mazes there.  
Make me thy duteous Child, that I  
Ceaseless may Abba Father cry.

Each Moment draw from Earth away  
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call;  
Speak to my inmost Soul, and say,  
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!  
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,  
To taste thy Love be all my Choice.

# H Y M N XLII.

Adoring Jesus.

**O** Come let us join,  
Together combine,  
To praise our dear Saviour, our Master divine.

Him



Him let us adore,  
Who cover'd with Gore,  
Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.

He worthy is blest'd  
By Spirits at rest,  
Who once in this Desert, his Godhead confess'd.

The heavenly Spheres,  
Who saw him in Tears,  
Yea every strong Angel, his Person reveres.

The Prophets who told  
His Sufferings of old,  
Sing now sweet Thanksgivings, on Psalt'ries of  
[Gold.

The Fathers to whom  
He shew'd he would come,  
Now in his Pavilion take up their long Home.

The Spirits of Men,  
Who for him were slain,  
From Abel the Righteous, share now in his  
[Reign.

The Apostles who stood,  
Resisting to Blood,  
For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.

The Confessors too,  
Them prostrating low,  
Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully bow.

O Church of the Lamb,  
Here met do the same,  
With Saints and with Angels, bless Jesus's Name.

My Soul bear a Part,  
For ransom'd thou art,  
By Jesu's Blood-shedding, his Burial and Smart.

To him that was slain,  
The scorn'd Nazarene,  
Be Glory and Honour, let all say Amen.

# H Y M N XLIII.

Longing for the Latter-Day Glory.

**S**AVIOUR of the World attend,  
Hearken to thy People's Moan :  
Art thou not the Sinners Friend ?  
Art thou not their Friend alone ?  
Then thine Ear incline ;  
While they for Redemption cry,  
Think upon that Word of thine,  
" Your Redemption draweth nigh."

Hear'st Thou not the many Pray'rs,  
Offer'd by thy Church, with Thee ?  
See'st Thou not the Thousand Tears,  
Pour'd before thy Majesty ?  
Mark'st thou not the Groans ?  
Mind'st Thou not the Earnings great,  
Of thy ransom'd little ones,  
Prostrate round thy Mercy-Seat ?

Is it nothing, Lord, to Thee,  
That so many Years they've cry'd ?  
Must their Suit unanswer'd be,  
Shall their Pray'r be still deny'd ?

For

For thy Mercies' Sake,  
Turn Thou the Captivity,  
Bring the banish'd Brethren back,  
Lord, unite them all in Thee.

Be the Captive Exile loos'd,  
Lord, the Jubilee proclaim!  
All who Liberty refus'd,  
Let them call upon thy Name;  
Who so calls on Thee,  
Shall Deliv'rance gladly prove,  
Shall thy Spoil, dear Jesus, be,  
Monuments that Thou art Love.

Let thy Blood's so boundless Pow'r,  
Wide as the Creation reach;  
Sweetly loud from Shore to Shore,  
Thy eternal Mercy preach;  
Let the ransom'd Seed  
Hear, and to thy Temple flow,  
All for whom Thou deign'st to bleed,  
Let them thy Salvation know.

Lift thy Ensign very high,  
Let thy bloody Cross be seen,  
Let thy scarlet Banners fly  
Glorious in the Sight of Men;  
Sound the Angel loud,  
" Now begins the Jubilee!  
" Now Salvation comes from God!  
" All together it shall see!"

## H Y M N XLIV.

Christ our Great High-Priest.

**A** Good High-Priest is come,  
 Supplying Aaron's Place,  
 And taking up his Room,  
 Dispensing Life and Grace :  
 The Law by Aaron's Priesthood came,  
 But Grace and Truth by Jesu's Name.

My Lord a Priest is made,  
 As sware the mighty God,  
 To Israel and his Seed,  
 Ordain'd to offer Blood,  
 For Sinners who his Mercy seek,  
 A Priest, as was Melchisedec.

He once Temptations knew,  
 Of ev'ry Sort and Kind,  
 That he might Succour shew,  
 To ev'ry tempted Mind :  
 In ev'ry Point the Lamb was try'd  
 Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

He dies, but lives again,  
 And by the Altar stands ;  
 There shews how he was slain,  
 And op'ning his pierc'd Hands,  
 He 'bides a Priest, and pleads our Cause,  
 Transgressors of his righteous Laws.

I other Priests disclaim,  
 And Laws and Offerings too ;  
 None but the bleeding Lamb  
 The mighty Work can do :  
 He shall have all the Praise, for He  
 Alone, me lov'd, and dy'd for me.

Funeral

## H Y M N XLV.

Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

'TIS finish'd! 'tis done!  
 The Spirit is fled,  
 The Pris'ner is gone,  
 The Christian is dead!  
 The Christian is living  
 In Jesus his Love,  
 And gladly receiving  
 A Kingdom above.

All Honour and Praise  
 Are Jesus's Due;  
 Supported by Grace,  
 He fought his Way thro';  
 Triumphantl'y glorious,  
 Thro' Jesus's Zeal,  
 And more than victorious,  
 O'er Sin, Death, and Hell.

Then let us record  
 The conqu'ring Name,  
 Our Captain and Lord  
 With Shoutings proclaim:  
 Who trust in his Passion,  
 And follow our Head,  
 To certain Salvation  
 We all shall be led.

O Jesus! lead on  
 Thy Militant Care,  
 And give us the Crown  
 Of Righteousness there;

Where



Where dazzled with Glory  
The Seraphim gaze,  
Or prostrate adore thee  
In Silence of Praise.

Come, Lord, and display  
Thy Sign in the Sky,  
And bear us away  
To Mansions on high;  
The Kingdom be giv'n,  
The Purchase divine,  
And crown us in Heav'n  
Eternally thine.

# H Y M N XLVI.

The same.

**H**OSANNA to Jesus on high!  
Another is enter'd his Rest,  
Another is 'scap'd to the Sky,  
And lodg'd in Immanuel's Breast:  
The Soul of our Sister is gone  
To heighten the Triumph above,  
Exalted to Jesus's Throne,  
And clasp'd in the Arms of his Love.

How happy the Angels that fall  
Transported at Jesus's Name!  
The Saints whom he soonest shall call  
To share in the Feast of the Lamb!  
No longer imprison'd in Clay,  
Who next from his Dungeon shall fly?  
Who first shall be summon'd away?  
My merciful God——Is it I?

O Jesus!

O Jesus ! if this be thy Will,  
That suddenly I should depart,  
Thy Council of Mercy reveal,  
And whisper the Call to my Heart :  
O give me a Signal to know  
If soon thou would'st have me to move,  
And leave the dull Body below,  
And fly to the Regions of Love.

H Y M N XLVII.

The same.

**T**HANKS be to God, whose faithful Love  
Hath call'd another to his Breast ;  
Translated him to Joys above,  
To Mansions of eternal Rest.

By ministerial Sp'rits convey'd,  
Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky,  
He rests ; in Abraham's Bosom laid,  
He lives with God, no more to die.

O that we all may thus break thro',  
The Crown with holy Violence seize,  
The starry Crown to Conquests due,  
The Crown of Life and Righteousness !

Will not the righteous Judge bestow  
The Prize on all who seek Him here ;  
And long, while sojourning below,  
To see their much lov'd Lord appear ?

He

He will, (our Hearts cry out) he will  
These eager Wishes more than meet,  
These infinite Desires fulfil,  
And make our Happiness compleat.

O what a soul o'erpow'ring Thought!  
'Tis Extacy too great to bear!  
We all at once shall be up-caught,  
And meet our Jesus in the Air.

# H Y M N XLVIII.

The same.

**A** H! lovely Appearance of Death,  
No Sight upon Earth is so fair:  
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,  
Can with a dead Body compare,  
With solemn Delight I survey  
The Corps when the Spirit is fled,  
In Love with the beautiful Clay,  
And longing to lie in his Stead.

How blest is our Brother, bereft  
Of all that could burthen his Mind!  
How easy the Soul, that hath left  
This wearisome Body behind!  
Of Evil incapable thou,  
Whose Relicks with Envy I see;  
No longer in Misery now,  
No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more  
 With Sickneſs, or ſhaken with Pain :  
 The War in the Members is o'er,  
 And never ſhall vex him again.  
 No Anger henceforward, or Shame,  
 Shall redden this innocent Clay ;  
 Extinct is the animal Flame,  
 And Paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

This languiſhing Head is at Reſt,  
 Its Thinking and Aching are o'er ;  
 This quiet immoveable Breſt  
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more :  
 This Heart is no longer the Seat  
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain ;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never ſhall flutter again.

The Lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,  
 By Sorrow forbidden to ſleep,  
 Seal'd up in eternal Repoſe,  
 Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep :  
 The Fountains can yield no Supplies,  
 Theſe Hollows from Water are free ;  
 The Tears are all wip'd from theſe Eyes,  
 And Evil they never ſhall ſee.

To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,  
 While bound in a Priſon I breathe,  
 And ſtill for Deliverance pine,  
 And preſs to the Iſſues of Death :  
 What now with my Tears I bedew,  
 O might I this Moment become,  
 My Spirit created anew,  
 My Fleſh be conſign'd to the Tomb !

## H Y M N XLIX.

The same.

**J**ESUS, come! our dearest Jesus,  
 Save us from the World beneath,  
 From a Life of Pain release us,  
 From a Life of daily Death:  
 Listen to the ceaseless Moaning  
 Of thy plaintive Turtle-Dove;  
 Answer, Lord, thy Spirit's Groaning,  
 Take us to our Church above.

Many a Soul is lodg'd before us,  
 In the Garner of the Grave;  
 Jesus, come! to Life restore us,  
 Us from all our Trouble save;  
 Us, in infinite Compassion,  
 To our happier Friends unite,  
 Raise us to our highest Station,  
 Rank us with thy Saints in Light.

Still we bear about thy Dying,  
 In our feeble Bodies here,  
 Languishing for thee, and crying  
 Light of Life in us appear;  
 Take us to thy kind Embraces,  
 To thy heav'nly Banquet lead;  
 Wipe the Sorrow from our Faces,  
 Set the Crown upon our Head.

CHRIST'S



## HYMN XLII

## CHRIST'S Nativity.

**A**LL Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth,  
 Be publish'd abroad at Jesus's Birth;  
 The forfeited Favour of Heaven we find  
 Restor'd in the Saviour and Friend of Mankind.

Then let us behold Messias the Lord,  
 By Prophets foretold, by Angels ador'd;  
 Our God's Incarnation with Angels proclaim,  
 And publish Salvation in Jesus's Name.

Our newly-born King by Faith we have seen,  
 And joyfully sing his Goodness to Men,  
 That all Men may wonder at what we impart,  
 And thankfully ponder his Love in their Heart.

What mov'd the Most High so greatly to stoop?  
 He comes from the Sky, our Souls to lift up;  
 That Sinners, forgiven, might happy return  
 To God and to Heaven; their Maker is born.

Immanuel's Love let Sinners confess,  
 Who comes from above to bring us his Peace:  
 Let e'ery Believer his Mercy adore,  
 And praise him for ever, when Time is no more.

HYMN LI.

The same.

**A**WAY with our Fears !  
The Godhead appears  
In Christ reconcil'd,  
The Father of Mercies in Jesus the Child.

He comes from above  
In manifest Love,  
The Desire of our Eyes,  
The meek Lamb of God, in a Manger he lies.

At Immanuel's Birth  
What a Triumph on Earth !  
Yet could it afford  
No better a Place for its heavenly Lord !

The Ancient of Days,  
To redeem a lost Race,  
From his Glory comes down,  
Self humbled, to carry us up to a Crown.

Made Flesh for our Sake,  
That we might partake  
The Nature Divine,  
And again in his Image his Holiness shine.

An heavenly Birth  
Experience on Earth,  
And rise to his Throne,  
And live with our Jesus eternally one.

Then

Then let us believe,  
And gladly receive  
The Tidings they bring,  
Who publish to Sinners their Saviour and King.

And while we are here,  
Our King shall appear;  
His Spirit impart,  
And form his full Image of Love in our Heart.

# H Y M N LII.

The same.

**C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy People free;  
From our Fears and Sins relieve us,  
Let us find our Rest in thee:  
Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the Earth thou art;  
Dear Desire of every Nation,  
Joy of every longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,  
Born a Child, and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring:  
By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our Hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient Merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

## H Y M N LIII.

The same.

**L**ET Angels and Archangels sing  
 The wonderful-Immanuel's Name;  
 Adore with us our new-born King,  
 And fill the joyful News proclaim;  
 All Earth and Heaven be ever join'd  
 To praise the Saviour of Mankind.

The everlasting God comes down,  
 To sojourn with the Sons of Men;  
 Without his Majesty or Crown,  
 The great Invisible is seen:  
 Of all his dazzling Glories shorn,  
 The everlasting God is born!

Angels, behold that Infant's Face,  
 With rapt'rous Awe the Godhead own:  
 'Tis all your Heaven on him to gaze,  
 And cast your Crowns before his Throne.  
 Though now he on his Footstool lies,  
 Ye know he built both Earth and Skies.

By him into Existence brought,  
 Ye sung the all-creating Word;  
 Ye heard him call our World from nought,  
 Again, in Honour of our Lord.  
 Ye Morning Stars, your Hymns employ,  
 And shout, ye Sons of God, for Joy.

CHRIST'S

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## H Y M N LIV

### CHRIST'S Incarnation

**A**LL-wife, all-good, almighty Lord,  
Jesus, by highest Heaven ador'd,  
Ere Time its Course began;  
How did thy glorious Mercy stoop  
To take the fallen Nature up,  
When thou thyself wert Man?

Th' eternal God from Heav'n came down,  
The King of Glory dropt his Crown,  
And veil'd his Majesty:  
Empty'd of all but Love he came,  
Jesus, I call thee by the Name  
Thy Pity bore for me.

O holy Child, still let thy Birth  
Bring Peace to us Poor Worms of Earth,  
And Praise to God on high!  
Come, thou, who didst my Flesh assume,  
Now to the abject Sinner come,  
And in a Manger lie.

Didst thou not in thy Person join  
The Natures Human and Divine,  
That God and Men might be  
Henceforth inseparably one?  
Haste then, and make thy Nature known  
Incarnated in me.



In my weak sinful Flesh appear,  
O God, be manifested here,  
Peace, Righteousness, and Joy,  
Thy Kingdom, Lord, set up within  
My waiting Heart, and all my Sin,  
The Devil's Works destroy.

H Y M N LV.

Judgment.

**L**O he cometh ! countless Trumpets  
Blow before the bloody Sign,  
Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels,  
See the Crucified shine.  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
Wellcome, wellcome, bleeding Lamb !

Now his Merit, by the Harpers,  
Thro' th' eternal Deep resounds ;  
Now resplendent shine his Nail-prints,  
Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds :  
They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,  
[they who pierc'd him,  
Shall at his Appearing wail.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,  
Heav'n and Earth, shall flee away ;  
All who hate him, must, ashamed,  
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day.  
Come to Judgment, come to Judgment, come to  
Stand before the Son of Man. [Judgment,

Saints,

Saints, who love him, view his Glory,  
 Shining in his bruised Face,  
 His dear Person on the Rainbow,  
 Now his People's Head shall raise.  
 Happy Mourners, happy Mourners, happy  
 [Mourners,  
 Lo! in Clouds, he comes, he comes.

Now Redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn Pomp appear ;  
 All his People, once despised,  
 Now shall meet him in the Air.  
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
 Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

View him smiling, now determin'd  
 Ev'ry Evil to destroy ;  
 All the Nations now shall sing him  
 Songs of everlasting Joy.  
 O come quickly ! O come quickly ! O come  
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come. [quickly !

## H Y M N LVI.

### Admiring CHRIST'S Love.

**Y**E Children of my God,  
 Ye dear peculiar Race,  
 Who're wash'd in Jesu's Blood,  
 And sav'd through Faith by Grace :  
 Attend and join to tell his Fame,  
 Whom John the Baptist call'd the Lamb.

From

From all Eternity  
 He lov'd the Sinner's Train,  
 His Love him forc'd to die,  
 Compell'd him to be slain  
 For us, and in our Stead he stood,  
 With all his Garments roll'd in Blood.

His Heart he set on us  
 When we were Enemies;  
 And on th' accurs'd Cross,  
 Amidst his Tears and Cries,  
 He pray'd for us, who us'd him so,  
 Father, they know not what they do.

He thought upon us when  
 The Blood ran from his Heart,  
 In all his Grievs and Pain,  
 In all his chiefest Smart:  
 Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave,  
 And bare it that he might us save.

Still he remains the same,  
 His Foes he loves, and cries,  
 Believe ye in my Name,  
 Lift up (ye Lost) your Eyes:  
 Behold me, and you yet shall live  
 I freely will Salvation give.

## H Y M N LVII.

**O** Come let us join,  
 In Music divine,  
 The Saviour to laud,  
 'Tis meet and fit,  
 It is charming and perfectly sweet,  
 The Saviour to praise, our Lord and our God;  
 'Tis a pleasure to sing  
 Of a crucify'd King,  
 With Courage and Flame,  
 The Angels that love us,  
 And Seraphs above us,  
 Do always the same.  
 Hark! hark! how they shout,  
 All Heav'n throughout,  
 In sounding his Name.

Come all that are here,  
 Your Thanksgiving rear,  
 To Jesus your Chief;  
 'Tis good we shou'd,  
 It is lovely and better than Food,  
 It raises our Joy, and banishes Grief:  
 Then in him we'll rejoice,  
 Up to him lift our Voice,  
 And Spirit within,  
 Who lov'd us so greatly,  
 To wash us completely  
 From Guilt and from Sin.  
 Hark! hark! how they shout,  
 All Heav'n throughout,  
 A Jesus divine!

He's worthy, they cry,  
 The Lamb that did die;  
 So warbles their Tongue,  
 Let us do thus,  
 It is comely his Praise to discuss,  
 A Theme ever proper by us to be sung;

'Tis our Duty and Gain,

And it sha'n't be in vain,

His Praise to repeat,

Who Pardon dispenses,

For all our Offences,

Tho' ever so great.

Hark! hark! how they shout,

All Heav'n throughout,

A Saviour complete!

All Glory to him,

Who Souls does redeem,

From Converse unfit;

Agree do we,

It will ever becoming us be,

Hosanna to Jesus with Joy to transmit,

To God's dear belov'd Son,

Be all Praise and Renown,

Dominion and Might,

Who Sinners embraces,

And fills them with Graces,

To do what is right,

Hark! hark! how they shout,

All Heav'n throughout,

The Morning-star bright.

Come sing him once more,

(We may not give o'er)

For



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For Sinners who pleads,  
 Beguil'd, defil'd,  
 And to bring them to God reconcil'd,  
 He still intercedes, and always succeeds.  
 This dear Saviour of Men,  
 Let us sing once again,  
 Who purges his own,  
 And makes them all glorious,  
 And more than victorious,  
 Then gives them a Crown.  
 Hark! hark! how they shout,  
 All Heav'n throughout,  
 The Lamb on the Throne.

To Father and Son,  
 And Dove, three in one,  
 Be Glory and Praise,  
 By us, and those,  
 Who in glorious celestial Repose,  
 Do ceaseless their Songs of Thanksgiving raise.  
 May the three one be sung  
 By each Cherubin Tongue;  
 Let no Tongue be mute,  
 Join Beings celestial,  
 And Beings terrestrial,  
 The Great and Minute,  
 Join all in one Choir,  
 The Dove, Son, and Sire,  
 With Praise to salute.

H Y M N LVHL

Praise to Christ.

**O**FFSPRING of David, David's Root;  
 Thou Jesse's Stem, and Jesse's Fruit;

Q

To

To Thee propitious, Thee our King,  
The Tribute of our Hearts we bring.

While all thy Mercies we enjoy,  
Hymns shall our grateful Lips employ;  
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing  
We'd gladly wait, and love, and sing.

Hasten the Time when we shall shine  
With Angels, and Arch-Angels join;  
With righteous Spirits gone before,  
For ever thy sweet Name t'adore.

With them our ravish'd Souls wou'd rest,  
And share with them thy Marriage-Feast;  
Among their Number, in their Lays,  
We'd pant to join, and thirst to praise.

And while our Souls are this deny'd,  
Lest we should fall, or turn aside,  
Jesus, our kind Protection prove,  
And love us with eternal Love.

## H Y M N L I X.

### M O R N I N G.

**R**ISE, my Soul, adore thy Maker;  
Angels Praise  
Join thy Lays,  
With them be Partaker.

Father,

Father, Lord of ev'ry Spirit,  
In thy Light  
Lead me right,  
Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

Never cast me from thy Presence,  
'Till my Soul  
Shall be full  
Of thy blessed Essence.

O my Jesus, God Almighty,  
Pray for me,  
'Till I see  
Thee in Salem's City.

Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,  
Be my Guide,  
Lest my Pride  
Shut me out of Heaven.

Thou this Night was't my Protector,  
With me stay  
All the Day,  
Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver  
Of all Good,  
Life and Food,  
Reign ador'd for ever.

# HYMN LX. EVENING.

**E**RE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour  
This Day shew'd  
By my God,  
I will bless my Saviour.

O my Lord, what shall I render  
To thy Name,  
Still the same,  
Gracious, good, and tender?

Leave me not, but ever love me;  
Let thy Peace  
Be my Bliss,  
'Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy Salvation;  
Let thy Care  
Now be near,  
Round my Habitation.

Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,  
Safely keep,  
While I sleep,  
Me with all thy Power.

So, whene'er in Death I slumber,  
Let me rise  
With the Wise,  
Counted in their Number.

Behold

## H Y M N LXI.

Behold the Man!

**Y**E serious Souls draw near,  
 My Song of Jesus hear;  
 Roll'd in Blood his Garments shine.  
 See him gloriously divine;  
 On his Hands your Names appear,  
 Come with me, his Kingdom share.

Rivers of Pleasure flow  
 From him for you to know;  
 You, who for your Saviour mourn;  
 You, by Blood and Water born;  
 You, who glad the Word receive;  
 You, who taught of God believe.

Th'exalted Saviour see,  
 He liv'd and dy'd for thee;  
 For you he came down from God,  
 Empty'd all his Veins of Blood;  
 This, the Lamb for Sinners slain,  
 Guilty Souls, *Behold the Man!*

Come near, ye weary, come,  
 His Arms shall make you Room;  
 He, the Fruit of Jesse's Stem,  
 Opens you the living Stream;  
 Jesus, born of David's Line,  
 You unto himself shall join.

Your Folly he shall hide,  
 And bury in his Side;  
 O come near, his Mercies taste,  
 Let your Sins on him be cast;



Bold approach, for he shall bear  
All your Burden, all your Care.

All ye whom Troubles tire,  
Who'd rest from Sin's Desire,  
Jesus bids you to the Feast,  
There is your eternal Rest.  
Come with me, and ye shall prove  
His an everlasting Love.

## H Y M N LXII.

### Christ's Ascension.

**H** AIL the Day that sees him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes!  
Christ, a while to Mortals giv'n,  
Re-ascends his native Heaven.

There the pompous Triumph waits;  
"Lift your Heads, eternal Gates!  
"Wide unfold the radiant Scene,  
"Take the King of Glory in."

Circled round with Angel-Pow'rs,  
Their triumphant Lord and ours,  
Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,  
Take the King of Glory in.

Him though highest Heaven receives,  
Still he loves the Earth he leaves;  
Though returning to his Throne,  
Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above !  
 See! he shews the Prints of Love !  
 Hark ! his gracious Lips bestow  
 Blessings on his Church below.

Still for us he intercedes,  
 Prevalent his Death he pleads ;  
 Next himself prepares our Place,  
 Harbinger of human Race.

Master (will we ever say)  
 Taken from our Head To-day,  
 See, thy faithful Servants see,  
 Ever gazing up to thee !

Grant, though parted from our Sight,  
 High above yon azure Height,  
 Grant our Hearts may thither rise,  
 Following thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,  
 Wafted on the Wings of Love,  
 Looking when our Lord shall come,  
 Longing, gasping after Home.

There may we with thee remain  
 Partners of thine endless Reign ;  
 There thy Face unclouded see,  
 Find our Heaven of Heavens in thee.

## H Y M N LXIII.

**J**ESU, shew us thy Salvation,  
(In thy Strength we strive with thee)

By thy mystic Incarnation,

By thy pure Nativity :

Save us thou, our new Creator,

Into all our Souls impart

Thy divine and holy Nature,

Form thyself within our Heart.

By thy first Blood-shedding heal us ;

Cut us off from ev'ry Sin :

By thy Circumcision seal us,

Write thy Law of Love within.

By thy Spirit, circumscribe us,

Kindle in our Hearts a Flame :

By thy Baptism baptise us

Into all thy glorious Name.

By thy Fasting and Temptation

Mortify our vain Desires,

Take away what Sense or Passion,

Appetite or Flesh requires :

Arm us with thy Self-denial,

Every tempted Soul defend ;

Save us in the fiery Trial,

Make us faithful to the End.

By thy great and bitter Passion,

By thy Suffering on the Tree,

Save us from the Indignation

Due to all Mankind and me :

Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,

Gasping out thy latest Breath,

By thy precious Death's applying

Save us from eternal Death.

By

By the Pomp of thine ascending,  
 Live we here to Heav'n restor'd;  
 Live in Pleasures never ending,  
 Share the Portion of our Lord:  
 Let us have our Conversation  
 With the blessed Sp'rits above;  
 Sav'd with all thy great Salvation,  
 Perfectly renew'd in Love.

H Y M N LXIV.

For his Majesty King GEORGE, and  
 Royal Family.

**L**ORD, thou hast bid thy People pray  
 For all that bear the sov'reign Sway,  
 And thy Vicegerents reign;  
 Rulers, and Governours, and Powers:  
 And lo! in Faith we pray for ours;  
 Nor can we pray in vain.

Jesus, thy chosen Servant guard,  
 And every threat'ning Danger ward  
 From his anointed Head;  
 Bid all his Griefs and Troubles cease,  
 And thro' the Paths of heavenly Peace  
 To Life eternal lead.

Cover his Enemies with Shame,  
 Defeat their dire malicious Aim,  
 Their baffled Hopes destroy;  
 But shower on him thy Blessings down;  
 Crown him with Grace, with Glory crown,  
 And everlasting Joy.

In hoary Hairs be thou his God,  
 Late may he seek that high Abode,  
 Late to his Heaven remove;

Of Virtues full, and happy Days,  
Accounted worthy by thy Grace,  
To fill a Throne above.

And when thou dost his Sp'rit receive,  
O give us in his Offspring, give  
Us back our King again;  
Preserve them, Providence divine,  
And let the long-illustrious Line  
To latest Ages reign.

Secure us of his royal Race  
A Man to stand before thy Face,  
And exercise thy Power;  
With Wealth, Prosperity, and Peace,  
Our Nation and our Church to bless,  
Till Time shall be no more.

### CHRIST'S second Coming.

I.  
**H**E comes, he comes, the Judge severe,  
The seventh Trumpet speaks him near;  
The Light'nings flash, the Thunders roll,  
He's welcome to the faithful Soul,  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to  
the faithful Soul.

II.  
From Heav'n, angelic Voices sound,  
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd,  
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,  
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,  
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks the Saviour's  
Face.

III.  
Descending on his Azure Throne,  
He claims the Kingdoms for his own:

The



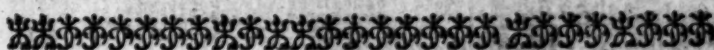
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord,  
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him their  
triumphant Lord.

IV.

Shout all the People of the Sky,  
And all the Saints of the Most High :  
Our God, who now his Right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns,  
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever reigns.

V.

The Father bless, the Son adore,  
The Spirit praise for evermore ;  
Salvation's glorious work is done,  
We welcome Thee Great Three in One,  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome Thee  
Great Three in One.



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